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GOOD NEWS,

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OR

SONGS AND TUNES

FOR

SUNDAY SCHOOLS,

CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS, AND SPECIAL MEETINGS.

EDITED BY

R. M. McINTOSH.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY OLIVER DITSON & COMPANY.
NEW YORK: C. H. DITSON & Co. No. 711 Broadway. CHICAGO: LYON & HEALY. PHIL.: J. E. DITSON & Co. Successors to Lee & Walker.

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PREFACE.

There was more and better material at hand in the preparation of this book, than we ever commanded before in behalf of any similar work. Hence, it would have been easy to fill its pages throughout with fresh hymns and new music, but we considered it best to occupy some of the space with familiar pieces from former publications, and standard hymns and tunes that are already in general use among the congregations; because such an arrangement, we believe, greatly facilitates the introduction of a new book, and tends to familiarize the young people with the "worship song" of the sanctuary; a matter that should be kept constantly in view by all who would encourage congregational singing.

It will be noticed that we have inserted a large number of vigorous compositions from the able and experienced pen of Dr. A. Brooks Everett, who, when we commenced this work was in his usual health, and, as he had so often done before, kindly gave us free access to his well filled portfolio, with a promise to furnish more, if necessary. But before the selections were all made we received the intelligence of his sudden death, which so saddened our heart that for a time we felt as though we could never finish the book. God grant that "THE MEETING PLACE" may verily be in heaven, our "BEAUTIFUL HOME."

Most of the new hymns have been written by Mrs. Mary B. C. Slade, of Fall River, Mass., and Rev. Jos. H. Martin, of Atlanta, Ga., both of whom already occupy assured and leading positions in the hymnic literature of the country.

MAY, 1876. R. M. McINTOSH.

GOOD NEWS.

THE KING IN THE MANGER.

DR. J. G. HOLLAND. R. M. McINTOSH.

"Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes lying in a manger."—Luke ii: 12.

QUARTETT, OR SEMI-CHORUS.

1. There's a song in the air! There's a star in the sky! There's a mother's deep pray'r, And a ba - by's low cry!
2. There's a tu-mult of joy O'er the won-der-ful birth, For the Virgin's sweet boy Is the Lord of the earth.
3. In the light of that star Lie the a - ges impearl'd, And that song from afar Has swept o - ver the world.
4. We re - joice in the light, And we ech - o the song That comes down thro' the night, From the heavenly throng.

CHORUS.

And the star rains its fire, while the Beau-ti - ful sing, For the man-ger of Beth-le-hem cra-dles a King, And the
Ay the star rains its fire, while the Beau-ti - ful sing, For the man-ger of Beth-le-hem cra-dles a King, And the
Ev-ery heart is aflame, while the Beauti - ful sing, In the homes of the na-tions, that Je - sus is King, Ev-ery
Ay we shout to the love-ly e - van-gel they bring, And we greet in his cra-dle our Saviour and King, Ay, we

star rains its fire, while the Beau - ti - ful sing, For the man-ger of Beth - le - hem cra - dles a King.
star, &c.
heart, is aflame, while the Beau - ti - ful sing, In the homes of the na - tions, that Je - sus is King.
shout, to the love - ly e - van - gel they bring, And we greet in his cra - dle our Sa-viour and King.

BEAUTIFUL MANSIONS OF LIGHT.

REV. J. H. MARTIN. DR. A. B. EVERETT.

"In my Father's house are many mansions."—John xiv : 2.

1. Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful man-sions of light, O how bright, O how bright, Beau-ti - ful, beau - ti - ful
2. Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful an - gels of light, O how bright, O how bright, Beau-ti - ful, beau - ti - ful
3. Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful saints robed in white, O how bright, O how bright, Beau-ti - ful, beau - ti - ful
4. Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly wing-ing my flight, With de-light, With delight, I shall reach, I shall reach

REFRAIN.

man-sions of light, Beau-ti - ful man-sions of light. Beau-ti-ful, beautiful, Fair and bright, fair and bright,
an - gels of light, Beau-ti - ful an - gels of light.
saints robed in white, Beau-ti - ful saints robed in white.
man-sions of light, Beau-ti - ful man-sions of light.

Beau - ti - ful, Beau - ti - ful Man-sions of light, Beau - ti - ful, Beau - ti - ful Man-sions of light.

BEYOND THE SKY.

Rev J. H. Martin. R. M. McIntosh.

"Be of good courage."—Ps. xxvii: 14.

1. When our hearts are sad, the Sav-iour will ex-tend Grace to help; will be our friend; When we droop and pine, to us He will ap-pear, With a smile our spir-its cheer. Far a-way,..... beyond the sky, On a
2. He will grant us strength our journey to pur-sue, He will lead us safe-ly through; He will guard, protect, and keep us by His care, And our bur-dens He will bear.
3. We shall cross the gloomy riv-er that's before, And we'll reach the shin-ing shore; In that land we'll wear im-mor-tal crowns of joy, And our tongues in praise employ. Far a-way, Beyond the sky,

Refrain.

fair and blissful heavenly shore, We shall rest, by and by, When our pilgrim days and toils are o'er.
We shall rest, by and by,

BY AND BY.

"And every eye shall see him."—Rev. i : 7.

R. M. McINTOSH.

SEMI-CHORUS.

1. It may be far, it may be near, There is a hope, there is a fear, But in the
2. Im - pa- tient soul, and murm'ring heart, Your murm'ring cease and bear your part Of pain and
3. Yes, "by and by" will soon be now, And God shall wipe each tear-stain'd brow; The Lamb shall
4. Oh, ver - dant fields! oh shin - ing shore! The Lamb of God spreads wide the door, Ah gold - en

CHORUS.

fu - ture wait - ing, I Shall Je - sus see, yes, "by and by." By and by, yes, by and by, By and
la - bor on life's road, For soon 'twill lead thee to thy God. By and by, yes, by and by, By and
feed them from the throne, To liv - ing foun-tains lead his own, By and by, yes, by and by, By and
cit - y sure - ly I Shall see thy glories "by and by." By and by, yes, by and by, By and

by, yes, by and by; But in the fu - ture waiting. I Shall Je - sus see, yes, by and by.
by, yes, by and by; There's pain and la - bor on life's road, But soon 'twill lead thee to thy God.
by, yes, by and by; The Lamb shall feed them from the throne; To liv - ing foun - tains lead his own.
by, yes, by and by; Ah, gold - en cit - y! sure - ly I Shall see thy glo - ries "by and by."

I WILL GO TO JESUS.

Rev. J. H. Martin. R. M. McIntosh.

"And him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."— John vi : 37.

1. La - den with a heav - y bur - den, To my Saviour I will go, Cast - ing all my care up -
2. Je - sus is the bur - den bear - er, All my sins on him were laid; Dy - ing on the cross ac -
3. At the feet of Je - sus fall - ing, Rent with anguish, pain and grief, Of my crimes with tears re -
4. By His grace and mercy pardoned, All my sins and guilt forgiven, I will thank and bless and

Refrain.

- on Him, He will bear my load, I know. I will go with all my guilt to Je - sus, Wretched,
- curs - ed, He a full a-tonement made.
- pent - ing, He will give me sweet re - lief.
praise Him, For the joy - ful hope of heav'n.

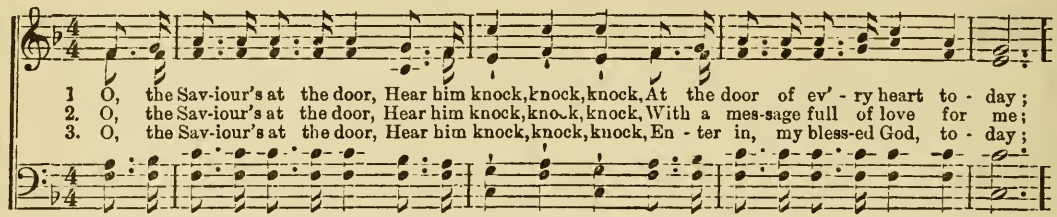
poor, and helpless though I be; I will go and wash my spirit in the foun - tain, His blood shall set me free.

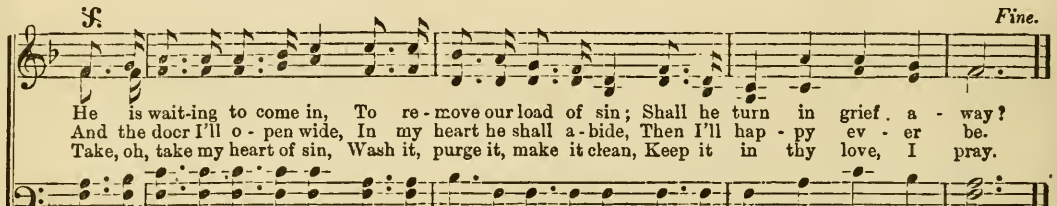
THE SAVIOUR AT THE DOOR.

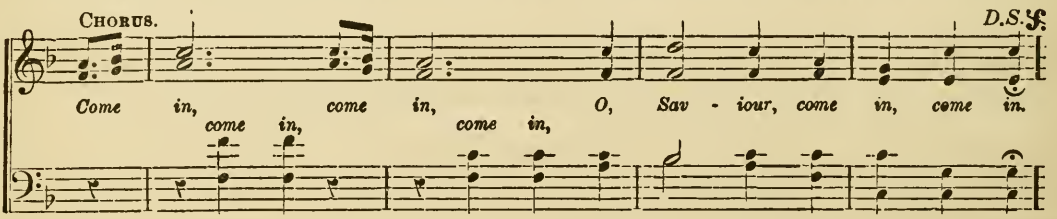
W. A. OGDEN.

W. A. OGDEN.
From "Golden Sheaf," by per.

Behold, I stand at the door and knock.—Rev. viii : 20.







I FEAR NOT THE HOUR.

REV. J. H. MARTIN. R. M. McINTOSH.

"Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me."—Ps. xxiii.

1. I can-not foresee, I know not the day, When Jesus shall come to take me a-way; But my path shall be lightened with
2. Redeemed with his blood, I fear not my doom, In faith and in hope, I'll en-ter the tomb, For my Sav-iour will scatter its
3. Raised up from the dead, in triumph I'll rise, To meet my dear Lord de-scend-ing the skies, He will give me a place in the

REFRAIN.

his own bright ray, And that will be com-fort for me. And that will be com-fort for me,..... And
dark-ness and gloom, And that will be com-fort for me.
bright par-a-dise, And that will be com-fort for me. for me,

that will be com-fort for me; But my path shall be lightened with his own bright ray, And that will be com-fort for me,

NEARER HOME.

PHŒBE CARY.

H. S. PERKINS, From "River of Life," by per.

"I go to prepare a place for you."—John xiv : 2.

Andante e legato.

1. One sweet-ly sol-emn tho't Comes to me o'er and o'er;.... I'm near-er home to-
2. Near-er my Fa-ther's house, Where ma-ny man-sions be; .... Near-er where Je-sus
3. We ask a Fa-ther's aid To lay the bur-den down:.... Then take us to his

CHORUS.

day,.... Than I have been be-fore....
reigns,.. Near-er the crys-tal sea ....
home.... To wear a heav'n-ly crown..

Near-er home, near-er home, We'll

Repeat Chorus, pp.

sing as we go; Near-er home, near-er home, We'll sing as we go....

GATHERING HOME.

MISS MARIANA B. SLADE. R. M. MCINTOSH.

"Gathering together unto him."– ii Thess. 2 :1.

1. Up to the Boun-ti - ful Giv - er of Life, Gath-er - ing Home! Gath-er - ing Home! Up to the dwelling where com-eth no
2. Up to the ci - ty where falleth no night, Gath-er - ing Home! Gath-er - ing Home! Up where the Saviour's own face is the
3. Up to the beau-ti - ful mansions a - bove, Gath-er - ing Home! Gath-er - ing Home! Safe in the arms of His In - fi - nite

Gath-er-ing Home;..... Gathering Home; Gathering Home; Nev - er to

CHORUS.

strife, The dear ones are Gather-ing Home.
light, The dear ones are Gather-ing Home.
Love, The dear ones are Gather-ing Home.

Gath-er-ing Home, Gath-er-ing Home; Nev - er to

sorrow more, never to roam; Gathering Home;..... Gathering Home;.... ... . God's children are gathering Home.

sorrow more, never to roam; Gath-ering Home · Gathering Home; God's children are gathering Home.

ANGELIC SONGS.

".....A multitude of the heavenly host....."—Luke ii : 13.

DR. A. B. EVERETT.

Not too slow.

1. Hark! hark! my soul, An-gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields and Ocean's wave-beat shore;
2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing-ing, "Come wea - ry souls, for Je - sus bids you come;"
3. Far, far a - way, like bells at even - ing peal-ing, The voice of Je - sus sounds o'er land and sea;
4. An - gels, sing on! your faith-ful watch-es keep-ing, Sing us sweet frag-ments of the songs a - bove;

How sweet the truth those bless-ed strains are tell - ing, Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
And thro' the dark, its ech - oes sweet - ly ring - ing, The mu - sic of the gos - pel leads us home.
And la - den souls by thousands meekly steal - ing, Kind Shep-herd, turn their wea - ry steps to thee.
Till morn-ing's joy shall end the night of weep - ing, And life's long shad - ows break in cloud-less love.

CHORUS.

An - gels of Je - sus! An - gels of light! Sing - ing to wel - come the pil-grims of the night.

DID YOU THINK TO PRAY?

MRS. M. A. KIDDER. W. O. PERKINS, from "Shining River" by per.

Pray to thy Father which is in secret.—Matt. vi : 6.

1. Ere you left your room this morn - ing Did you think to pray? In the name of Christ, our Sav - iour
2. When you met with great temp-ta - tion Did you think to pray? By his dy - ing love and mer - it,
3. When your heart was filled with an - ger, Did you think to pray? Did you plead for grace, my broth - er,
4. When sore tri - als came up - on you, Did you think to pray? When your soul was bowed with sor - row,

CHORUS.

Did you sue for lov - ing fa - vor, As a shield to - day?
Did you claim the Ho - ly Spir - it As your guide and stay?
That you might for - give an - oth - er Who had cross'd your way?
Balm of Gil - ead did you bor - row At the gates of day?
} Oh, how pray-ing rests the wea - ry!

Pray'r will change the night to day; So, when life seems dark and drea - ry, Don't for-get to pray.

THE ONE ASTRAY.

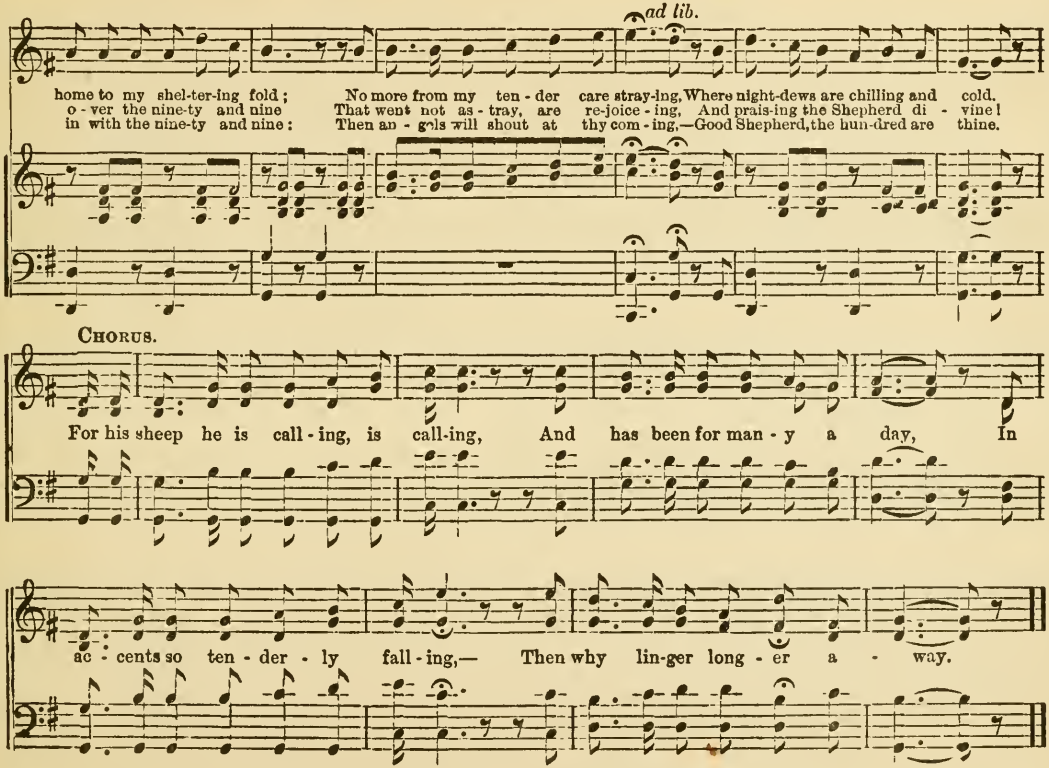
MRS. M. B. C. SLADE. R. M. McINTOSH.

Read Matt. xviii ; 12—14.

1. Nine-ty-nine in the safe fold a-bid-ing, Doth the Good Shepherd leave while he hastes Where the one lit-tle stray lamb is
2. By the dear arms so lov-ing-ly yearning, When the wan-der-ing ones are borne in, To the Good Shepherd's fold safe re-
3. Will you lis-ten, oh lis-ten and hearken? For perchance he is call-ing for thee, By and by when the storm-clouds shall

Inst.

bid-ing, Far a-way on the dark moun-tain wastes; "Oh, my sheep and my lambs," he is say-ing, Come
turning, From the des-o-late pla-ces of sin; All the an-gels more joy-ful-ly voice-ing, Than
darken, And the night-fall, Oh, where will you be? From the safe fold no long-er go roam-ing, Come


ad lib.
home to my shel-ter-ing fold; No more from my ten - der care stray-ing, Where night-dews are chilling and cold.
o - ver the nine-ty and nine That went not as - tray, are re-joice - ing, And prais-ing the Shepherd di - vine!
in with the nine-ty and nine: Then an - gels will shout at thy com - ing,—Good Shepherd, the hun-dred are thine.
CHORUS.
For his sheep he is call - ing, is call-ing, And has been for man - y a day, In
ac - cents so ten - der - ly fall - ing,— Then why lin-ger long - er a - way.

BEAUTIFUL HOME.

Rev. Jos. H. Martin. Dr. A. B. Everett.

"In my Father's house are many mansions."—John xiv : 2.

1. There is a man - sion fair and bright, My Fa - ther's house on high, A dwell - ing place of joy and light, A home be - yond the sky.
2. There shin - ing hosts the throne surround, In cho - ral con - cert sing, With harp and voice they loud re - sound The prais - es of their King.
3. There friends in Christ, be - fore me gone, Are robed in spot - less white; In joy - ful hope I fol - low on, To meet the saints in light.
4. I long to join the hap - py throng, Of ransomed souls a - bove, And sing the ev - er - last - ing song, Of Je - sus and his love.

Refrain.

Beau - ti - ful home! Beau - ti - ful home!
Beau-ti - ful, beauti - ful home! When shall we pass in at the pearl-y gates, And rest in that beauti-ful home?

AT THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.

REV. JOS. H. MARTIN. R. M. MCINTOSH.

1. I think I should mourn o'er my sor - row - ful fate, "If sor - row in heav - en can be."
If no one should be at the beau - ti - ful gate, Both wait - ing and watching for me.
2. How sad - ly I'd feel in the heav-en - ly state, If sad - ness in heav - en can be,
If no one should be at the beau - ti - ful gate, Con - duct - ed to glo - ry by me.
3. O Lord, I be - seech thee for wisdom and grace, In win - ning lost souls un - to thee;
That man - y may be in that beau - ti - ful place, A crown of re- joic - ing to me.

CHORUS.

"Yes, wait - - - - - ing and watching for me, Yes, wait - - - ing, and watching for me; May
Yes, wait - ing and watching for me, for me, Yes, waiting and watching for me, for me, May
man - y of those at the beau - ti - ful gate, Be wait - ing and watching for me."

WHEN WE GET HOME.

E. R. LATTA. W. O. PERKINS, From "Shining River," by per.

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."—Rev. vii : 17.

1. When we get home to that beau - ti - ful land, With its beau-ti - ful ci - ty of gold; When we've pass'd o - ver the riv-er of death, And are safe in the heav-en-ly fold; Wea-ri-some toil, trib - u- - la-tion and care, That bur - den our spir - its to - day, Like as a dream or a shadow shall pass-Shall
2. When we get home from our wan - der - ings here, To that clime where they wander no more; When, with the lov'd ones who've pass'd into rest, We shall stand with our harps on the shore; Sorrow and strife, and our proneness to err, The pain and the sick-ness we bear, Like as a dream or a shadow shall pass, And
3. When we get home, and our troub-les are o'er, And our jour-ney is end - ed be-low; When we are free from each cumbering weight, And the sins that doth hinder us so; Tears that we shed in our sor-row-ful hours, The fears and the doubts that mo - lest, Like as a dream or a shadow shall pass, And

WHEN WE GET HOME. Concluded.

CHORUS.

pass, un - re - turn-ing, a - way. } When we..... get home.....How sweet.....'twill
ne'er shall they troub-le us there. } When we get home, get home, How sweet, how sweet 'twill
reach not the home of the blest. }

be!.... When we..... get home,..... How sweet..... 'twill be!....
be!.... When we get home, get home, How sweet, how sweet, 'twill be!

RESTORATION. 8, 7. (9th P. M.)

I will a-rise and go to Je-sus, He will embrace me in his arms; In the arms of my dear Je- sus, Oh, there are ten thousand charms.

COME UNTO ME.

Rev. Jos. H. Martin. R. M. McIntosh.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—Mat. xi ; 28.

1. When the young, in their bloom and their beauty, are seen, Like the Spring when array'd in its man-tle of green,
2. When the soul with the bur-den of sin is oppressed, When the heart with its trou-bles and woes is distress'd,
3. When the waves of af - flic - tion and sor-row roll high, When the tempest is rag - ing and sor - row is nigh,
4. When the eye is bedimmed by the shad-ow of death, When the per-ish - ing bo - dy lies gasp-ing for breath,

When the spir - it is bound-ing ex-ult - ing and free, Thro' the air floats a whis-per, "O come un - to me."
When the mourner in dark-ness no brightness can see, Then the ear hears a whis-per, "O come un - to me."
When toss'd like a ves - sel, up-on a wild sea, Then a voice sweetly whispers, "O come un - to me."
When the soul is a - bout from its pris-on to flee, To the saint Je - sus whispers, "O come un - to me."

Refrain.

"Come un-to me,"..... "Come un-to me,"..... 'Tis a voice from a - bove, 'Tis a whisper of love ;

"Come un-to me," "Come un-to me,"

"Come un-to me,"..... "Come un-to me,"..... Gracious Je - sus, kind Je - sus, That whisper is thine.

"Come un-to me," "Come un-to me,"

WORTHY THE LAMB.

Rev. v : 2.

CHARLES WESLEY. EMILIUS LAROCHE.

1. Glo - ry to God on high! Let earth and skies re - ply, Praise ye his name; His love and
2. While they a - round the throne, Cheerful-ly join in one, Prais - ing his name; Those who have
3. What, tho' we change our place, Yet we shall nev - er cease Prais - ing his name; To him our

grace a - dore, Who all our sor-rows bore; Sing, sing for - ev - er-more, Wor - thy the Lamb!
felt his blood Seal - ing their peace with God, Sound his dear fame a - broad, Wor - thy the Lamb!
songs we bring, Hail him our gra-cious King, And without ceas - ing sing, Wor - thy the Lamb!

THE MEETING PLACE.

Words by H. Bonar. Selected by Wils Williams. Dr. A. Brooks Everett, Humboldt, Tenn., Nov. 11th, 1875.

"The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion."—Isa. xxxv : 10.

Where the fad-ed flow'rs shall fresh-en, Freshen never more to fade; Where the shaded sky shall brighten, Brighten
Where the sun-blaze never scorches, Where the star-beams cease to chill; Where no tempest stirs the ech-oes Of the

nev - er more to shade. Where the morn shall wake in glad - ness, And the noon the "joy pro - long;"....
wood, or mead, or hill.

Where the daylight dies in fra - grance, 'Mid the burst of ho - ly song,

Chorus.

Fa - ther, we shall meet,

Father, Father, we shall meet and rest,

THE MEETING PLACE. Concluded

Repeat Chorus. pp

Fa - ther we shall meet, Fa - ther we shall meet and rest, Mid the ho - ly and the blest.

Fa - ther, Father we shall meet and rest, Father, Father we shall meet and rest,

PRESSING ON.

REV. J. H. MARTIN. R. M. MCINTOSH.

"I press toward the mark of the high calling."—Phil. iii : 14.

1. On - ly a sea - son brief, On - ly a day of gloom,
2. Then to the land a - bove, Then to the house on high,
3. On to the man - sions blest, On to the heav'n - ly home,
4. There we shall hap - py be, There each shall wear a crown,

On - ly a tran - sient joy and grief, On - ly the shroud and tomb.
Then to a home of light and love, Where we shall nev - er die.
On to the sweet e - ter - nal rest, On to the life to come.
There we from sor - row shall be free, There lay our bur - dens down.

TELL IT AGAIN.

MRS. MARY B. C. SLADE. R. M. MCINTOSH.

A home missionary visited a dying boy in a gipsy tent. Bending over him he said, "God so loved the world that he gave his only Son that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life." The dying boy heard, and whispered, "Nobody ever told me."

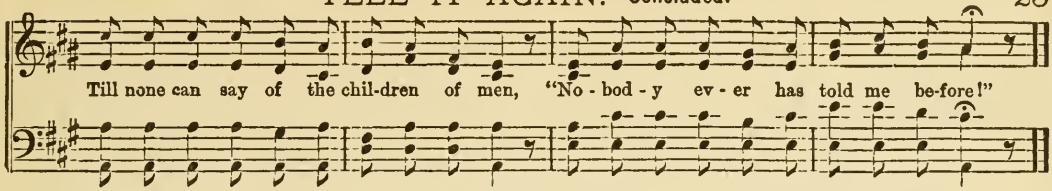
1. In - to the tent where a gip - sy boy lay, Dy - ing a - lone, at the close of the day,
2. "Did he so love me, a poor lit - tle boy? Send un - to me the good tid-ings of joy?
3. Bend-ing, we caught the last words of his breath, Just as he entered the val - ley of death;
4. Smil-ing he said, as his last sigh was spent, "I am so glad that for me he was sent!"

News of sal - va - tion we carried,—said he, "No - bod - y ev - er has told it to me!"
Need I not per-ish?— my hand will he hold?— No - bod - y ev - er the sto - ry has told!"
"God sent his Son!—who-so - ev - er!" said he; "Then I am sure that he sent him for me!"
Whispered while low sank the sun in the west, "Lord I be-lieve! tell it now to the rest!"

REFRAIN.

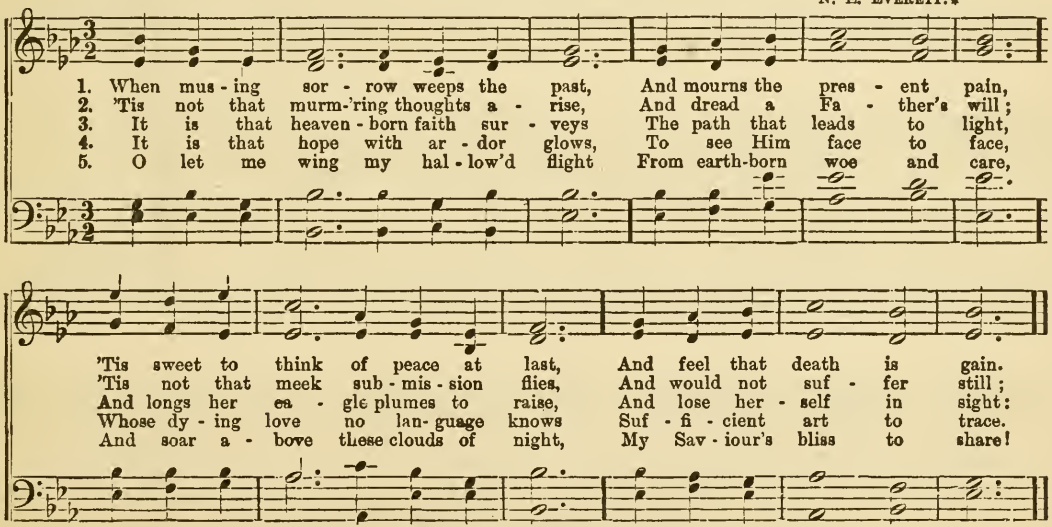
Tell it a - gain! tell it a - gain! Sal - va - tion's sto - ry re - peat o'er and o'er.

TELL IT AGAIN. Concluded.



VIRGINIA. C. M.

N. E. Everett.*



* By permission R. M. McIntosh

"SWEEPING THROUGH THE GATES."

"I am sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb."—Last words of REV. ALFRED COOKMAN.

E. R. LATTA. W. O. PERKINS, from "Shining River" by per.

1. "I am sweeping thro' the gates," To the realm of endless day! For a gen-tle, lov-ing voice Whispers me to come away! 'Tis a
2. "I am sweeping thro' the gates," For the messenger has come; I am leav-ing earth behind, For a bright, e-ter-nal home: Angel
3. "I am sweeping thro' the gates," Open wide they stand for me! The ce-les-tial riv-er clear, And the streets of gold I see! Thro' the

CHORUS.

blessed sound to hear, 'Tis the welcome of my Lord! He is calling from above, Calling me to my reward, } Sweeping thro'!
music greets mine ear, Heaven opens to my view! I am read-y to de-part, I am bidding all a-dieu! } sweeping
portals of the skies, I shall enter into rest! "I am sweeping thro' the gates," To the mansions of the blest. } Sweeping thro'!

thro'! An-gels blest my spir-it bear Thro' the gates! thro' the gates! Pear-ly gates so bright and fair.
sweeping thro', An-gels blest my spir-it bear Thro' the gates! thro' the gates!

THE MUSTARD SEED.

Words by Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. R. M. McIntosh.

Read Matt. xiii : 31, 32.

1 Lik - en the king - dom to the spring-ing, Spring-ing of small-est seeds we know : Soon in the branches
2. Say not, too hum - ble seems thy plant-ing, Trust in the sto - ry Je - sus told. Dews of his grace our
3. O! the re - joic - ing, when at e - ven, Thy la - bor end - ed, safe at home, High in the branches,

Chorus.

birds are sing - ing, So shall the heav'nly king - dom grow. Wide o'er the mead, Fling thou the seed!
Lord is grant - ing, Soon shall it yield an hun - dred fold.
up in heav - en, Sing - ing, "O! Lord Thy king-dom's come!"

Sun - shine of heav - en shall be giv - en; Seed of the king - dom free - ly sow.

THERE'S A MANSION OF REST.

REV. J. H. MARTIN. EMILIUS LAROCHE.

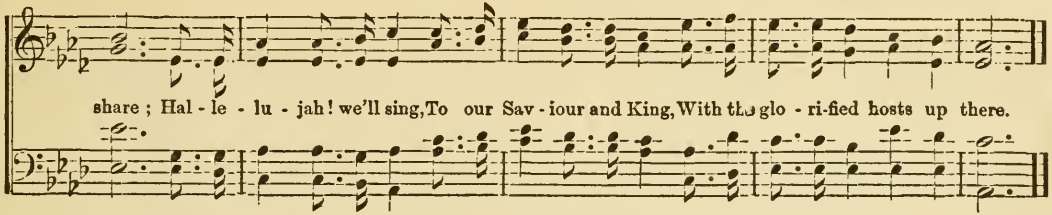
"There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God."—Heb. iv : 9.

1. There's a man - sion of rest, In the land of the blest, 'Tis a beau - ti - ful, bliss - ful
2. Bright and beau - ti - ful rest, Love - ly land of the blest, Where no sin and no sor - row
3. There no cry - ing and tears, There no troub-les and fears, Shall be felt by the peace-ful

home; If by faith in the Lord, We shall fol - low his word. To that bright, hap-py land we'll come.
come; Christ has gone to pre-pare, In that re - gion so fair, For his ran - somed a joy - ful home.
soul, We shall nev - er a-gain Suf - fer an-guish and pain, While the a - ges e - ter - nal roll.

REFRAIN.

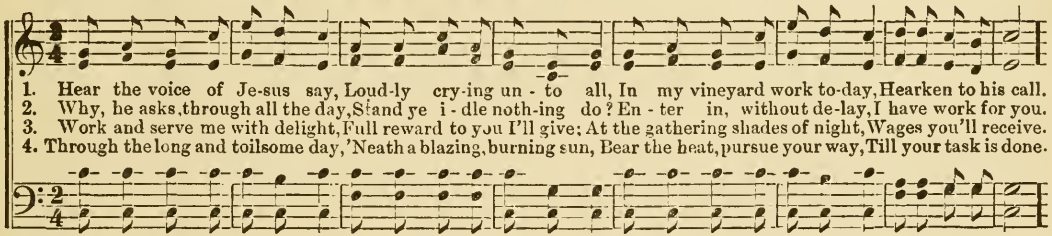
Hal - le - lu - jah! we'll raise, The glad an - them of praise, 'Till the rest of the saints we



WORKING FOR JESUS.

REV. J. H. MARTIN. R. M. McINTOSH.

"Go ye also into the vineyard, and whatsoever is right, I will give you."—Matt. xx : 4.



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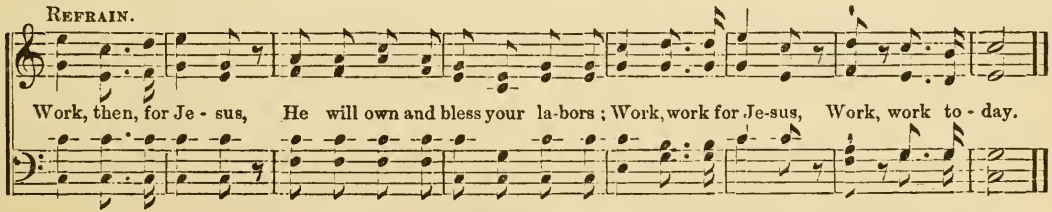


PRAISE THE LORD!

Words by Mrs. M. B. C. Slade.

Dr. A. Brooks Everett.*

Read Ps. cxlix : 1, 2 ; c : 2 ; xviii : 1.

1. Praise the Lord! praise the Lord! Hap - py chil-dren now in the tem - ple sing, Praise the
2. Love the Lord! love the Lord! Hap - py children, give him your youth's bright days ; Love the
3. Serve the Lord! serve the Lord! Hap - py chil-dren serve him with songs of joy ; Serve the

Lord! praise the Lord! Ho - san-na to the Lord our King. Oh, praise him for the flow'rs that grow, Oh,
Lord! love the Lord! He ev - er lov-eth you, he says. Oh, love him, for he loves us so ; Oh,
Lord! serve the Lord! And let his work your hands employ. Oh, serve him, whatsoe'er ye do ; Oh,

praise him for the stars that move ; Praise the Lord, here be - low, And praise him in his courts a-bove.
love him for his wondrous love ; Love the Lord, here be - low, And love him in his courts a-bove.
serve him wheresoe'er ye move. Serve the Lord, here be - low, And serve him in his courts a-bove.

* By per. R. M. McIntosh.

JESUS IS CALLING YOU, CHILDREN.

E. R. LATTA. H. S. PERKINS, From "Shining River" by per.

"They that seek me early shall find me."—Prov. viii : 17.

"But seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness."—Matt. vi : 33.

1. Je - sus is call-ing you, chil - dren, Joy - ful-ly hear, joy - ful - ly hear! Lov-ing - ly, ten - der - ly call - ing; Je - sus so dear! Je - sus so dear!
2. Je - sus is call-ing you, chil - dren, Just as of old, just as of old! Lo! he is bid-ding you wel - come In - to his fold, In - to his fold!
3. Je - sus is call-ing you, chil - dren, Call - ing from sin, call - ing from sin! Now in his vine-yard to la - bor, Quick - ly be - gin, Quick - ly be - gin
4. Je - sus is call-ing you, chil - dren, Give him your love, give him your love! Seek thro' his blessed a - tone - ment, Glo - ry a - bove, Glo - ry a - bove.

CHORUS.

Do not de - lay, do not de - lay;

Je - sus is call - ing you, chil-dren, Do not de-lay, do not de-lay, Je - sus is call - ing you!

TO JESUS, TO JESUS.

Rev. Jos. H. Martin. R. M. McIntosh.

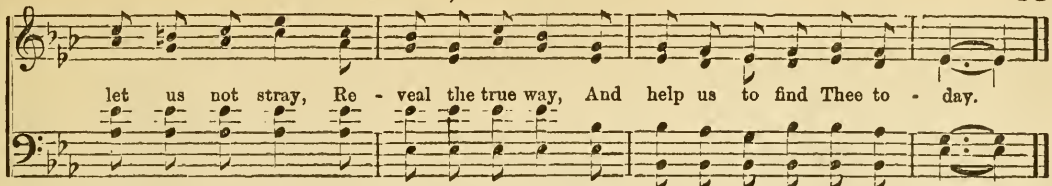
"Those that seek me early shall find me."—Prov. viii; 17.

1. To Je - sus, to Je - sus, How pre-cious and dear, Are souls in their childhood and youth;
2. He calls you, He calls you, In - vites you to come, Oh! haste to the Sav-iour to - day;
3. You'll find Him, you'll find Him, When with the whole heart, You search for the good and right way;

Oh! seek Him thus ear - ly, To Je - sus draw near, And fol - low His light and His truth.
Fly, fly to His bo - som, For yet there is room, To seek Him no lon - ger de - lay.
Then turn un - to Je - sus, From e - vil de - part, Your Lord and your Mas - ter o - bey.

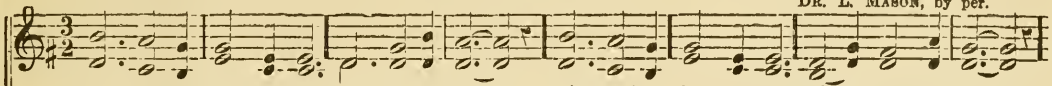
Refrain.

Dear Je - sus, dear Je - sus, As - sist us, weak chil - dren, to seek Thee; Oh!

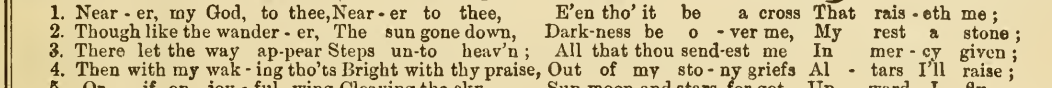


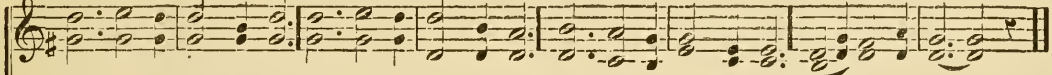
BETHANY.

DR. L. MASON, by per.



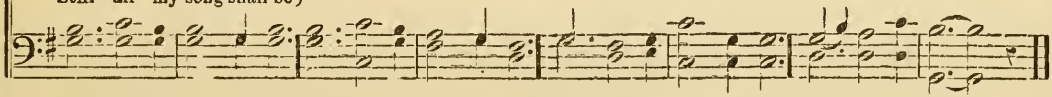
1. Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee, E'en tho' it be a cross That rais - eth me;
2. Though like the wander - er, The sun gone down, Dark-ness be o - ver me, My rest a stone;
3. There let the way ap-pear Steps un-to heav'n; All that thou send-est me In mer - cy given;
4. Then with my wak - ing tho'ts Bright with thy praise, Out of my sto - ny griefs Al - tars I'll raise;
5. Or if on joy - ful wing, Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon, and stars for-got, Up - ward I fly,





Still all my song shall be,
Yet in my dreams I'd be,
An - gels to beck - on me
So by my woes to be
Still all my song shall be

Near-er, my God to thee, Near - er. my God, to thee. Near-er to thee.



CHRIST A HERO AND CONQUEROR.

REV. J. H. MARTIN. Music by HENRY SCHOELLER.

Allegro Semi-Chorus. Read Isaiah lxiii : 1, 2.

1. All hail to the war - rior with vic - to - ry crowned, His tri - umphs ex - alt, His hon - ors re - sound; The con - quer-ing he - ro, that comes from the fight, With blood sprink-led gar - ments, and gird - ed with might.
2. How splen - did his rai - ment, what glo - ry a - dorns The head that was crowned with the chaplet of thorns; He vanquished the for - ces of dark - ness and sin, And laid down his life our re - demp-tion to win.
3. Sa - lute Him with hon - or, be - fore Him bow down, En - cir - cle His brow with the con - queror's crown; Ye sin - ners, His Scep - tre sub - mis - sive - ly own, And wor - ship with meek-ness the King on his throne.
4. Ye na - tions, ye kin - dreds, and tribes of the earth, Ex - tol and a - dore Him, acknowledge His worth; Ye saints and ye an - gels, u - ni - ted - ly fall, And crown Him the Lord and the Mon - arch of all.

Full chorus. Allegro con spirito.

f Ho - san - na to Je - sus our Cap - tain and King, His

deeds and his tri-umphs with gladness we'll sing, The vic - tor of Sa - tan, of death, and the grave, He trav - els in

interlude between verses.

great - ness, is might - y to save.

SHADES OF EVENING. (Fulton.)

DR. A. B. EVERETT.

1. Si-lent-ly the shades of evening Gather round my lowly door ; Si-lent-ly they bring before me, Fa - ces I shall see no more.
2. Oh ! the lost, the unforgotten, Though the world be oft forgot ; Oh ! the shrouded and the lonely,—In our hearts they perish not.
3. Liv-ing in the si - lent hours, Where our spirits only blend, They, unlinked with earthly trouble, We, still hoping for its end.

BEAUTIFUL CHRISTMAS.

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. R. M. McIntosh.

"The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee. The fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of my sanctuary, and I will make the place of my feet glorious."—Isa. lx : 13.

1. O'er the hills and adown the snowy dells, As the ech - oes ring of the Christmas bells, An - gel songs in our
2. Bring good - will to the suf - fer - ing and sad ; Speak the ten - der word that shall make them glad; Tell them how, o'er the
3. Peace on earth ! bid all strife and tumult cease ; For this night a - gain gives the Lord his peace, While our hands shall nis
4. So glad hearts on this hap - py Christmas night Bring your gifts of love, make His al - tar bright, Sing glad songs that shall

Fine. Chorus.

hearts resound again, Singing Peace on earth and good-will to men! Bring pine and fir-tree, weave the garlands bright ;
hills of Beth-le-hem When the angels sang, 'twas good news for them.
tem-ple beau - ti-fy, Car-ol, glo - ry be un - to God most high.
Sweetly sound as when Angels sang of peace and good-will to men.

D.C.

Gladden the temple of the King to-night! Christmas is here! Fill it with cheer; Make it glo-ri-ous with joy and light.

THERE IS REST BEYOND THE RIVER.

"There remaineth therefore a rest, a rest to the people of God."—Heb. iv : 9 From "Shining River" by per.

1. There is rest be - yond the riv-er, There is rest be-yond the river, There is rest be-yond the riv - er, For the chil - dren of the Lord.
2. List - en now, ye worn and wea-ry, List - en now, ye worn and weary, List - en now, ye worn and wea - ry, List - en to that cheer - ing word.
3. There's a light be - yond the riv-er, There's a light be-yond the river, There's a light be-yond the riv - er, 'Tis the glo - ry of the Lord.
We shall walk there-in for - ev - er, We shall walk therein for - ev-er, We shall walk therein for - ev - er, If we love his ho - ly word.
There is joy be - yond the riv-er, There is joy be-yond the river, There is joy be-yond the riv - er, Ev - er - last - ing, deep and pure.
We shall then have no more sor-row, We shall then have no more sorrow, We shall then have no more sor - row, When we reach the gold - en shore.

There will come a day of rest, Yes, a bless - ed day of rest, In that land be - yond the riv - er, In the land of the blest.
Nev - er more will there be night, No more dark and drea - ry night In that land be - yond the riv - er, All is light, glo - rious light.
Je - sus calls us to that home, To that bless - ed, an - gel home, In that land be - yond the riv - er, Je - sus bids us to come.

BRING THE CHILDREN.

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade, Fall River, Mass. R. M. McIntosh.

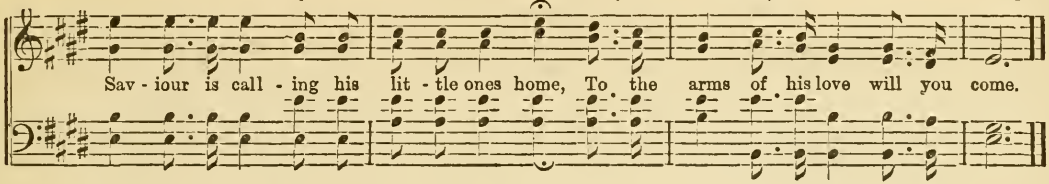
Read Mark x: 13, 14.

1. How hap - py were they, When the Sav - iour did say, Let the lit - tle ones come un - to me!
2. Now gone up above, Still his ten - der - est love Calls his lit - tle ones, down here be - low;
3. He calls you so dear, And he folds you so near In his arms, that you nev - er must sin;
4. When, Oh, by and by, To the gate you draw nigh Of the cit - y of God you shall see,

His arms were outspread, That each dear lit - tle head To his bo - som safe fold - ed might be.
Oh, children draw near, For the Sav - iour is here, And his own lit - tle lambs doth he know.
Oh, chil - dren be-lieve That the dear Lord you grieve When to wan - der a - way you be - gin.
The dear Sav-iour's face In the beau - ti - ful place Call - ing, lit - tle ones come un - to me!

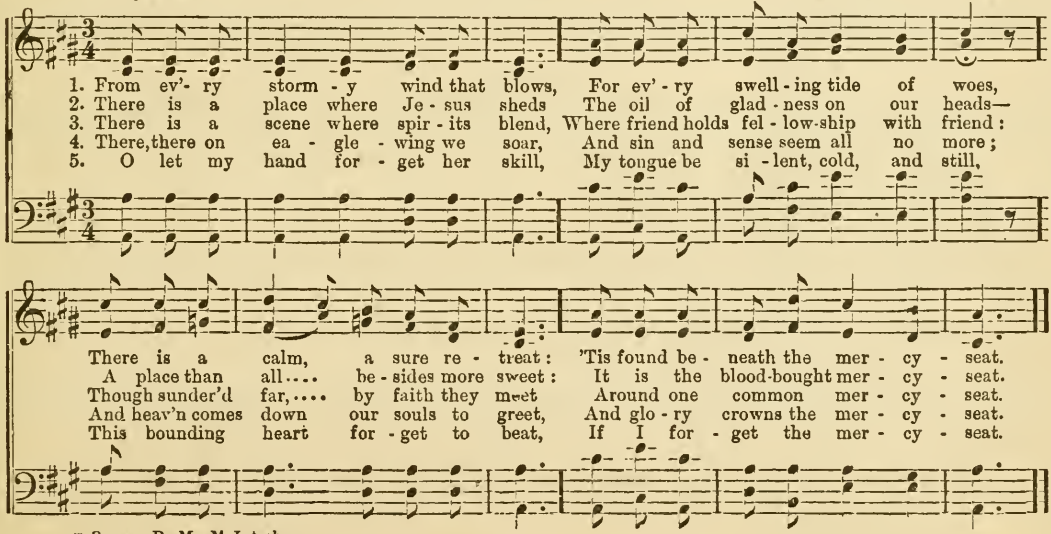
Come to me! Let them come! Come to me! Let them come! Still the

Come to me! Let them come! Come to me Let them come! Still the



STOWELL. L. M.

Words by STOWELL. DR. A. BROOKS EVERETT. *



* By per. R. M. McIntosh.

TO CANAAN.

Words by Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. Read Ps. 78: 14, 15, 25—29. Dr. A. B. Everett.*

Solo.

1. We are marching to Canaan, thro' the desert vast, And the Lord, with cloud by day And with light of his presence,
2. Tho' we thirst in the des-ert, Thou art ev-er nigh, Giv-ing wa - ters, clear and sweet; If we faint on the journey
3. Green and cool Elim's palm trees, where we peaceful rest, Dewy shelter sweet and fair; There our Shepherd has borne us
4. When the swelling of Jordan sounds upon the shore, When its parted waves we see, We will sing glad ho-san-nas,

Chorus.

till the night is past, Is shin-ing o'er our way. To Jordan when we come, As we cross the billow's foam, Come Thou
man - na from on high Is fall-ing at our feet.
on his gen - tle breast, So loving is his care.
joy - ful pass-ing o'er; We're coming unto Thee.

rit.

o'er its wave, our Guide to be. We are coming, coming, lead us safely home, Till the shining land we see.

* By per R. M. McIntosh.

TRUST IN JESUS.

REV. J. H. MARTIN. R. M. McINTOSH.

Semi-Chorus.

"My grace is sufficient for thee."—II Cor. xii : 9.

1. As - sailed by tempta - tion, By Sa-tan and Sin, In strength of the Mas - ter, The vic - to - ry win ;
2. Should tri-als and dan - gers Your pathway at-tend, Con - fide in the Sav-iour, His saints He'll de-fend :
3. Be faithful and stead-fast, To Je-sus be true, Press on in the jour - ney, He'll car-ry you through;

Sup - port-ed by Je - sus, Sus-tained by his grace, Go for-ward in tri - umph, Press on in the race.
His grace, all suf - fi - cient, Shall keep you se - cure ; As strangers and pil - grims, With patience en-dure.
He'll crown you with glo - ry, And hon - or on high, He'll take you to man - sions Of bliss in the sky.

CHORUS. *Repeat Chorus pp.*

Look to Je-sus, He'll aid you, Trust in Je-sus, He'll save you ; By his strength He'll uphold you, All your foes He'll sub - due.

AT THE DOOR.

REV. ALFRED TAYLOR. From "Sabbath Songs," by per. L. MARSHALL.

"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock."—Rev. iii : 20.

1. My Sav-iour stands waiting, and knocks at the door, Has knock'd, and is knocking a - gain; I hear His kind voice; I'll reject Him no more, Nor let Him stand pleading in vain, In in - fi - nite mer-cy He came from a - bove To ran - som, to cleanse me from sin; I'll yield to the voice of His door of my heart; 'Tis o - pen'd in welcome to Thee; Come in, bless - ed Sav-iour, and

2. O Sav-iour, my Ran-som, Re-deem - er, and Friend, The Life, and the Truth, and the Way, On Thy precious mer-it a-lone I depend: Dwell in me, and keep me, I pray. Thy goodness hath open'd the

CHORUS.

mer - ci - ful love, And let my dear Sav-iour come in. Sav-iour, come in; Cleanse me from sin:
nev - er de-part; Come in, with Thy mer - cy to me.

Je - sus, my Sav-iour, come in, come in, En - ter the door, Waiting no more, Saviour, dear Saviour, come in.

CHILD'S MORNING HYMN.

T. O. SUMMERS, D. D., LL. D. R. M. MCINTOSH, by per.

"In the morning will I direct my prayer unto Thee."

TRIO.

1. The morning bright, with ro -sy light, Has waked me up from sleep; Fa - ther, I own Thy love a-lone Thy lit-tle one doth keep.
2. All thro' the day, I humbly pray, Be thou my guard and guide; My sins forgive, And let me live, Blest Jesus near Thy side.
3. Oh, make Thy rest Within my breast, Great Spir - it of all grace; Make me like Thee, Then shall I be Prepared to see Thy face.

THE SUNNY SHORE.

ASA HULL, From "Grove Songs, No. 1" by permission.

"And his face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light."—Matt. vii : 2.

1. They have reach'd the sunny shore, And will nev-er hun - ger more, All their griefs and pains are o'er, O - ver there ;
2. Now they feel no chil-ling blast, For their win-ter-time is past, And their summers al-ways last, O - ver there ;

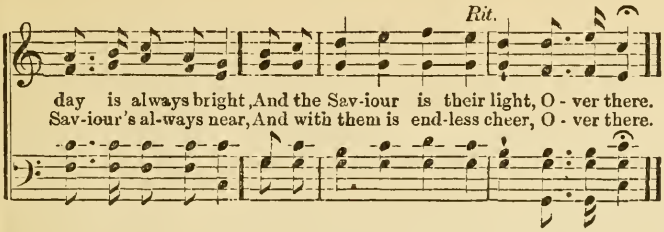
Rit.

And they need no lamp by night, For their day is al-ways bright, And the Sav-iour is their light, O - ver there :
They can nev - er know a fear, For the Saviour's al-ways near, And with them is end - less cheer, O - ver there :

a tempo.

{O - ver there, o - ver there, o - ver there, o - ver there, } They will need no lamp by night, For their
{o - ver there, o - ver there, o - ver there, o-ver there, } They can nev - er know a fear, For the

THE SUNNY SHORE. Concluded.



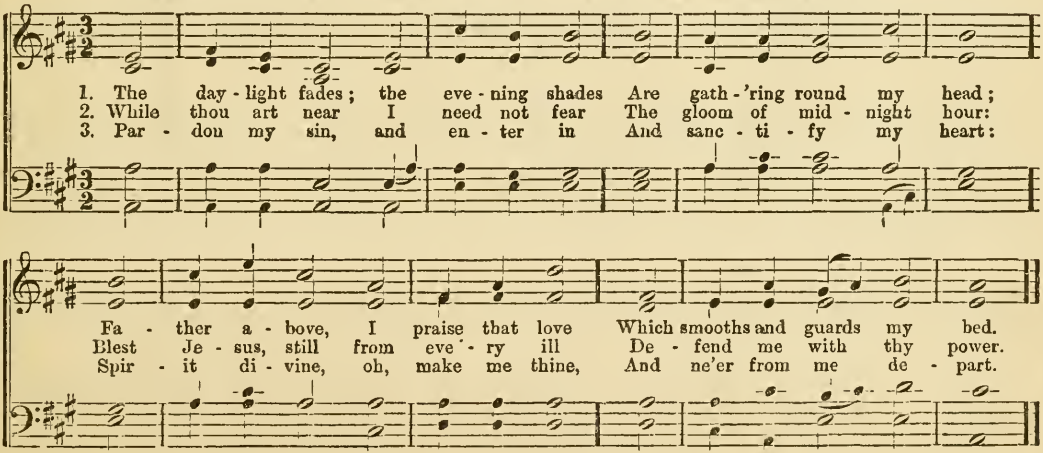
3.

They have fought the weary fight;
Jesus saved them by his might;
Now they dwell with him in light,
Over there.
Soon we'll reach the shining strand,
But we'll wait our Lord's command,
Till we see his beck'ning hand,
Over there.
:||: Over there, over there, :||:
Soon we'll reach the shining strand, etc.

CHILD'S EVENING HYMN.

T. O. SUMMERS, D. D., LL. D. — R. M. McINTOSH, by per.

"I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep; for thou, Lord, only makest me to dwell in safety."—Ps. iv: 8.



LET US PRAY.

KATE CAMERON. R. M. McINTOSH, by per.

"The effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."—James v : 16.

1. Come with faith, earn-est faith, as we of - fer our pray'r, To the bless-ed Redeem - er a - bove;
2. While we pray that his bless - ing may rest on each soul, That is here in his pres - ence to - day;
3. May the world's darkest pla - ces grow bright with his smile, 'Till the earth is a gar - den of flow'rs;

With no shad - ow of doubt would we trust in his care, And re - ly on his in - fin - ite love.
We would ask that the sin - sick may all be made whole, Tho' they yet for themselves nev - er pray.
And if we are but toil - ing for Christ all the while, What can e - qual a plea - sure like ours?

CHORUS.

Let us pray, ev - er pray, Let us pray when the morn-ing is bright;
Let us pray, ev - er pray,

LET US PRAY. Concluded.

Let us pray, ev - er pray, Let us pray at the com - ing of night.
Let us pray, ev - er pray,

"IF YE FAINT NOT, YE SHALL REAP."

Words from "S. S. Magazine." DR. A. B. EVERETT.

1. Ye who sow with anx-ious yearn - ing Till the ti - ny leaf - lets peep, Wait - ing, watching,
2. Though the har - vest, long de - lay - ing, Cause you sor - row - ing, to weep, Still be - lieve this
3. Ground now dead, and bar - ren seem - ing, Blooming, shall a - wake from sleep, For the promise
4. Seeds of truth a - round you fling - ing On fair mead and rug - ged steep, In your ears one
5. Fear - less tread the path of du - ty, Joy shall cause your hearts to leap, When from fields of

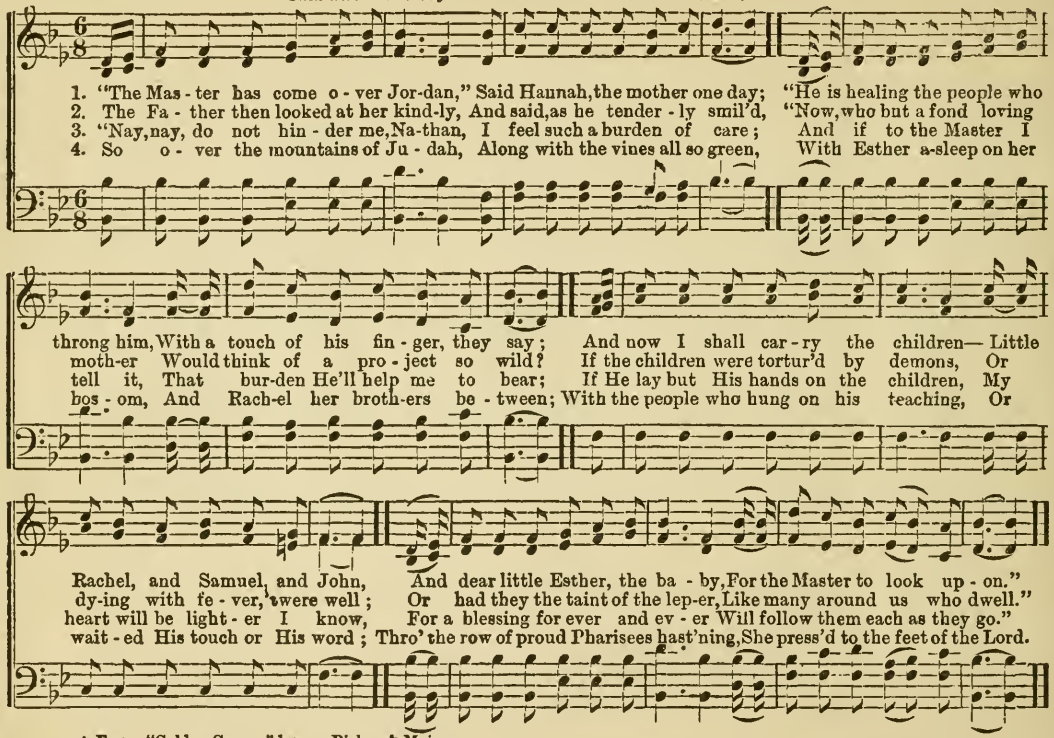
pa - tience learn - ing,
faith - ful say - ing,
ris - es beam - ing,
truth be ring - ing,
gold - en beau - ty,
} "If ye faint not, ye shall reap," "If ye faint not, ye shall reap."

Rit. p

THE MASTER HAS COME OVER JORDAN.

Words by JULIA GILL. Music by WM. B. BRADBURY.*

"Then were there brought unto him little children."—Math. xix : 13.



* From "Golden Censer," by per. Biglow & Main.

5. "Now why shouldst thou hinder the Master,"
Said Peter, "with children like these!
Thou knowest from morn until evening
He is teaching and healing disease."
Said Jesus: "Forbid not the children,
Permit them to come unto me!"
Then He took in His arms little Esther,
And Rachel He sat on his knee.

6. The care-stricken heart of the mother
Was lifted all sorrow above,
His hands kindly laid on the children,
He blest them with holiest love:
And said of the babes on his bosom,
"Of such are the kingdom of Heaven."
Then strength for all duty and trial,
That hour to her Spirit was given.

HOME. C. M. Double.

R. M. McINTOSH, by per.

Fine.

1. O land of rest! for thee I sigh: When will the mo - ment come
When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And dwell in peace at home?
D.S. This world's a wil - der - ness of wo— This world is not my home.

2. To Je - sus Christ I fled for rest: He bade me cease to roam,
And lean for suc - cor on his breast, And he'd con - duct me home.
D.S. But, ah! my pass - port was not seal'd— I could not yet go home.

3. When by af - flic - tion sharp - ly tried, I view the gap - ing tomb,
Al - though I dread death's chill - ing tide, Yet still I sigh for home.
D.S. I long to quit th' un - hal - low'd ground, And dwell with Christ at home.

D. C.

No tranquil joys on earth I know, No peace - ful sheltering dome:
I should at once have quit the field Where foes with fu - ry foam,
Wea - ry of wandering round and round This vale of sin and gloom,

REDEEMING LOVE.

REV. J. H. MARTIN. J. B. COPELAND. Toledo, British Honduras.

"And they sang as it were a new song before the throne."—Rev. xiv; 3.

1. Ten thou - sand gold - en harps a - bove, With sweet, melodious sound, Ex - tol and praise re - deem - ing love, And spread the notes a - round.
2. There saints with rapt - ure loud pro - claim The glo - ries of the Lamb, With an - gels join to bless His name, And laud the great I AM.
3. "Wor - thy is He that died," they cry, "And washed us in His blood, To be enthroned, ex - alt - ed high, And glo - ri - fied with God."
4. Tri - um - phant, lof - ty hymns of praise, With joy - ful voice they sing, Ex - ult-ing, loud ho - san - nas raise In hon - our of their King.

CHORUS.

O may I join the hap - py throng Of ransomed souls a - bove, And sing the ev - er - last - ing song Of Je - sus and His love.

LET THEM COME.

Words by Mrs. M. B. C. Slade.

Read Luke, xviii: 15, 16.

W. O. Perkins.
By per. R. M. M.

1. Oh, I love to think how Je - sus, When he walked on earth be - low, Used to bless the lit - tle
2. When the moth - ers came and brought him, Tender infants, young and small, And so earn - est - ly be -
3. Though dis-ci - ples would re - buke them, Turn the lit - tle ones a - way, In his gen - tle arms he
4. Lit tle chil - dren, now from Je - sus, Will you his dear blessing seek? From his home on high he
5. Just as close his arms will hold you; Just as kind his bless - ings fall; Just as warm his love en -

Chorus.

chil - dren, For he loved them, loved them so! Un - to me, un - to me, Of the
sought him For his bless - ing on them all.
took them, And they heard him sweet - ly say—
sees us, Hear him kind - ly to us speak.
fold you, Just as sweet - ly doth he call. let them come! let them come!

lit - tle ones saith he: For the blessed heavenly kingdom Of such as they shall be.
Of the lit - tle ones saith he:

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

HORACE E. KIMBALL. J. H. TENNEY.*

"Put on the whole armor of God."—Eph. vi: 11.

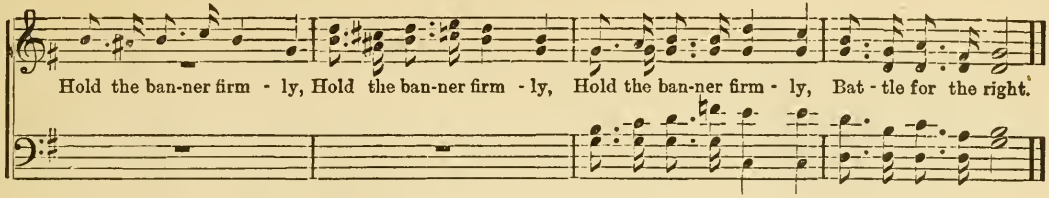
1. Onward, Christian sol - diers, On-ward to the fight. Hold the ban-ner firm - ly, Bat - tle for the right!
2. Je - sus is our Cap - tain, And we'll sure-ly win, If we do his bid - ding, We may con-quer sin,
3. Then when warfare's o - ver, When the fight is done, When the foes are van-quish'd, When the victory's won,

Hold the cross of Je - sus, As your ban - ner high, Nev - er must you fal - ter, Nev - er must you fly.
Clad in heav'nly ar - mor, We'll o'ercome the foe, Triumph o'er the tempt-er, Je - sus tells us so.
Lay-ing down your ar - mor, Clad- in snow - y white, You shall reign with Je - sus, In e - ter - nal light.

CHORUS.

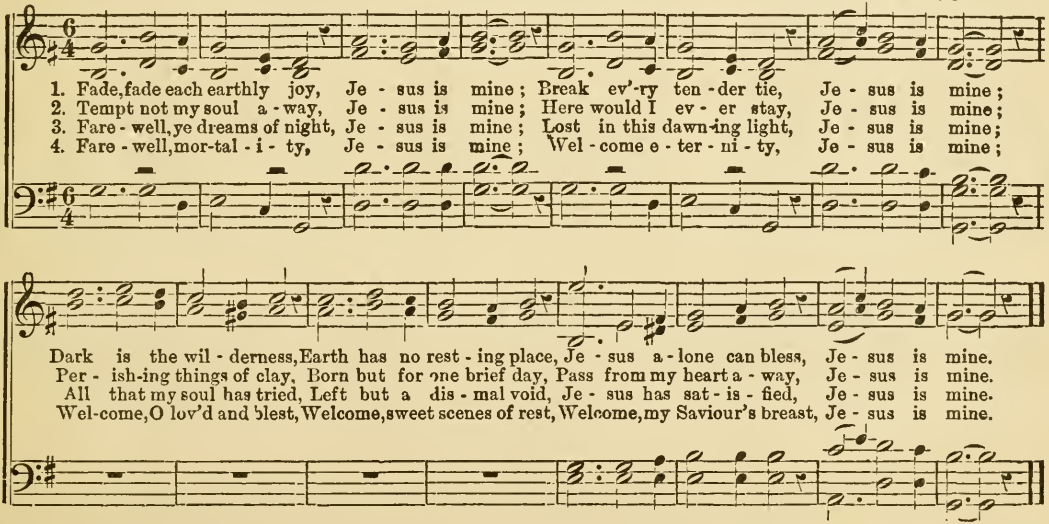
On-ward, Christian sol-dier, On-ward to the fight, Hold the ban-ner firm - ly, Bat - tle for the right;

* From "Golden Sunbeams," by per.



JESUS IS MINE.

R. M. McINTOSH, by per.



THE SAVIOUR'S LOVE.

R. G. S.

R. G. STAPLES, From "Golden Sheaf," by per.

"Who loved me, and gave himself for me."—Gal. ii : 20.

1. He died, He died on the tree, In to - ken of his love; And now is pleading for thee, In yon - der
2. The shepherds, watching by night, Be-held the star - ry sheen, Which beam'd resplendent with light, O'er pas - tures

courts above. It is the same old sto - ry, The Lamb for sin - ners slain; Who left the realms of
wide and green. And foll'wing where it guid - eth, To Beth - le-hem they go; Where the young child a-

CHORUS.

glo - ry, And shall he plead in vain. He pleads for thee, And shall he plead in vain;
He pleads, for thee in glo - ry.
bid - eth In man - ger cra - dled low. The shep - herds heard, While watch-ing in the field.
The shepherds heard the sto - ry.

THE SAVIOUR'S LOVE. Concluded.

The pre - cious Lamb, The Lamb for sin - ners slain.
The pre-cious Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
Of Christ the King, By an - gel host re - vealed.
Of Christ the King of glo - ry.

3

Behold, the Saviour now stands,
And knocketh at the door;
Behold the blood-crimsoned hands
Oh, what could he do more?
Oh! would you share his glory,
Be subjects of his grace?
Then listen to the story,
He died for all our race.
He pleads for thee and shall he, etc.
(*Same as first verse.*)

CELESTIAL WORSHIP. (Cameron.)

Rev. J. H. Martin. ".....*A great multitude, which no man could number*....."—Rev. vii: 9. R. M. McIntosh. *Fine.*

1. On the ho - ly mount of Zi - on, See a lamb a - mid the throne,
Root of Da - vid, Ju - dah's li - on, Heaven-ly host His scep - tre own;
2. Joy - ful songs of praise ad - dress - ing, With u - nit - ed voice they cry,
Wor-ship, glo - ry, hon - our, bless - ing, We ac - cord Thee O most High;
3. Thou art wor - thy, gra - cious Sav - iour, All thy ran - somed peo - ple sing,
Through thy mer - its we find fa - vour, Grate - ful gifts to thee we bring.

D.C. His high prais - es loud re - sound - ing, Each be - fore Him casts his crown.
Thanks, do - min - ion, pow'r, sal - va - tion Be to Je - sus Christ the Lamb.
Thou hast brought us to this moun - tain, Made us kings and priests to God. *D.C.*

My - riad an - gels Him sur - round - ing: El - ders wor - ship fall - ing down,
Wis - dom, strength, and ad - o - ra - tion Un - to God, the great I AM;
Thou hast washed us in the foun - tain Of thy rich, re - deem-ing blood;

THE GOLDEN CITY.

Words by Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. Dr. A. Brooks Everett. *

Read Rev. xxi ; 18, 23.

1. Say, have you read in the sto - ry old - en, Of the cit - y fair that waits? Jasper the walls, and the
2. Say, have you heard of the riv - er flowing, Clear as crystal is its tide. Forth from the throne are its
3. Say, have you read, in that wondrous sto - ry, How no moon nor sun need they? For it is lightened with
4. Say, if we keep all the dear Lord's teaching, May we gladly en - ter in? Joyful the gates, ev - er

Chorus.

streets are gold-en, And of pur - est pearl the gates. There we shall dwell with the Lord, for - ev - er,
wa - ters go - ing; Shall we roam that stream be - side.
God's own glo - ry, Shall we see that endless day?
o - pen, reaching, Of that cit - y with-out sin.

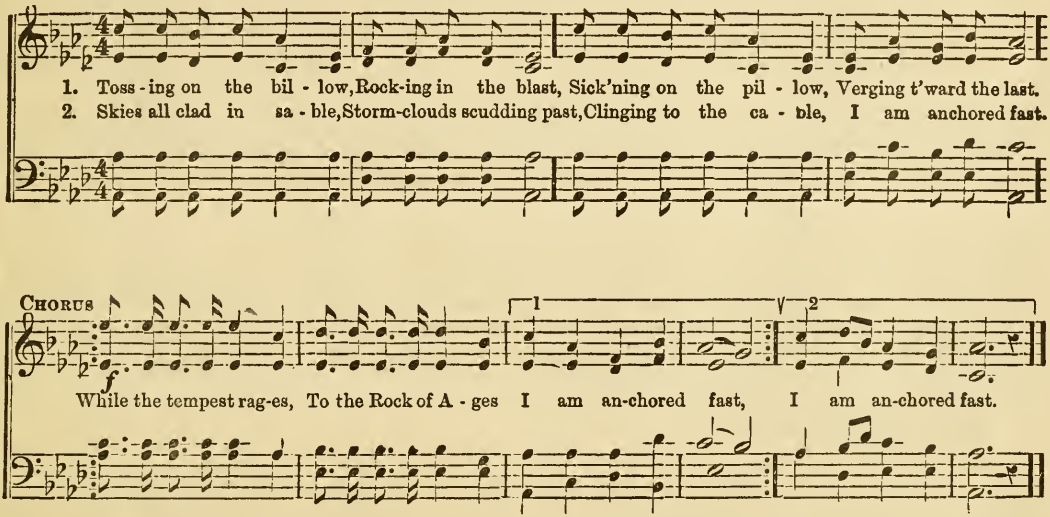
Go - ing out no more. There shall we go, when we cross the riv - er; O - ver on the oth - er shore.

* By per. R. M. McIntosh.

ANCHORED FAST.

WM. P. BREED, D.D. J. E. GOULD, From "Songs of Gladness" by per.

"The Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer."—Ps. xviii : 2.



3.

Gone each earthly treasure,
Cut away each mast,
Vanished earthly pleasure,
Still I'm anchored fast.
While the tempest, etc.

4.

Sorrows multiplying,
Prospects overcast,
Weeping, groaning, sighing,
Still I'm anchored fast.
While the tempest, etc.

5.

Swiftly to my grave-bed
I am making haste!
Trembling 'neath the death-dread,
Still I'm anchored fast.
While the tempest, etc

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE. Read Luke ii : 3—18. R. M. McINTOSH, by per.

Joyfully

1. Once o'er Ju - de - a's hills by night, Was heard a joy - ful sound, A host appeared, of an-gels bright, And
2. When they had sung their song of love, The an - gels went a - way, To sing in joy - ful courts a - bove That

CHO.—*Our song we raise As God we praise, Good-will and peace on earth ; With heart and voice We all re-joice, And*

glo - ry shone a-round. Fear not, they sing, To you we bring Glad tid - ings, peace on earth ; Good
first glad Christmas day. The shep-herds heard The wondrous word The an - gels brought to them ; Then

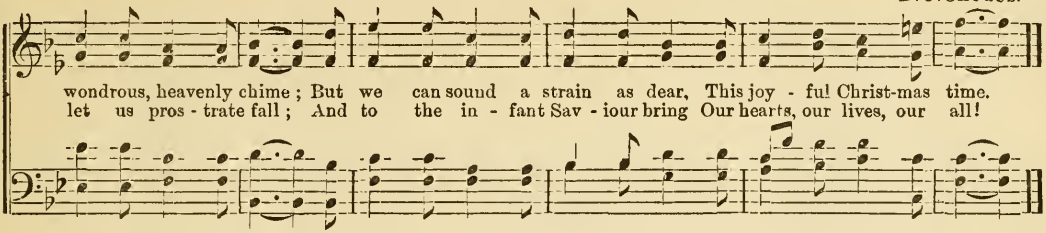
FINE.

sing the Sav-iour's birth.

will to men, They car - oled then, And sang the Sav-iour's birth. On Bethlehem's plain no more we hear The
has-tened they Where sleep-ing lay The babe of Beth - le - hem. A-round the man-ger gath - er-ing, O!

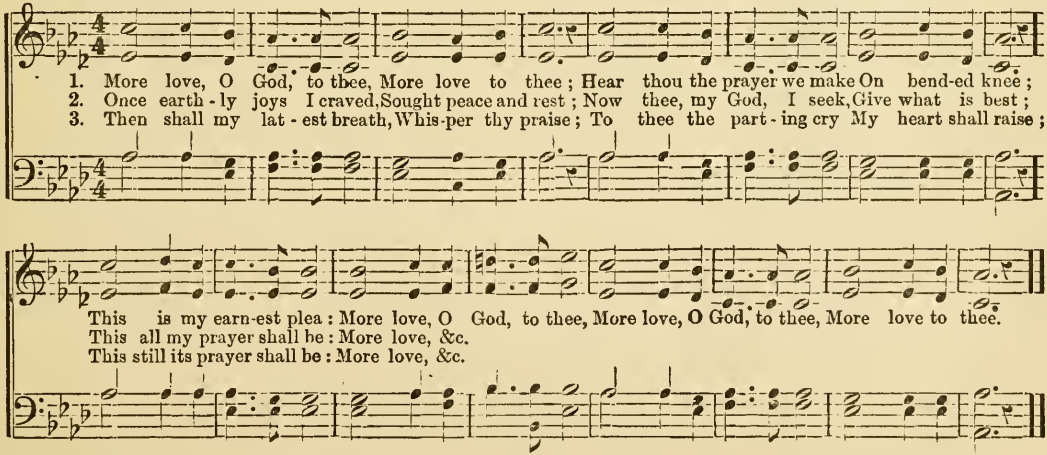
CHRISTMAS CAROL. Concluded.

D. C. CHORUS.



MORE LOVE, O GOD, TO THEE.

MRS. E. PRENTISS, by per. H. S. PERKINS, From "Shining River," by per.



I'M PRAYING FOR YOU.

".....pray one for another....."—James v : 16.

R. M. McIntosh.

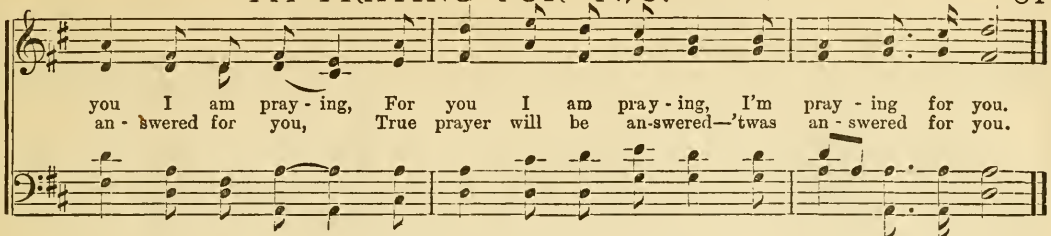
1. I have a Sav - iour, He's plead - ing in glo - ry, So pre - cious tho' earth - ly en - joy - ments be few; And now He is watch - ing in ten - der - ness o'er me, But
2. I have a Fa - ther; to me he has giv - en, A hope for e - ter - ni - ty, pre - cious and true; And soon will my spir - it be with Him in hea - ven, But
3. I have a peace, it is calm as a ri - ver; A peace that the friends of the world nev - er knew; My Sav - iour a - lone is its Au - thor and Giv - er; But
4. When he has found you, tell oth - ers the sto - ry, How Je - sus ex-tend - ed His mer - cy to you; Then point them a - way to the re - gions of glo - ry, And
5. Speak of that Sav - iour, that Fa - ther in hea - ven, That harp, crown, and robe which are wait - ing for you— That peace you pos - sess, and that rest to be giv - en, Still

Refrain.

O, that my Sav - iour was your Sav - iour too!
O, that He'd let me bring you with me too!
O, could I know it was giv - en to you.
pray that your Sav - iour may bring them there too;
pray - ing that Je - sus may save them with you;

For you I am pray-ing, For
True prayer will be answered,— 'twas

I'M PRAYING FOR YOU. Concluded.

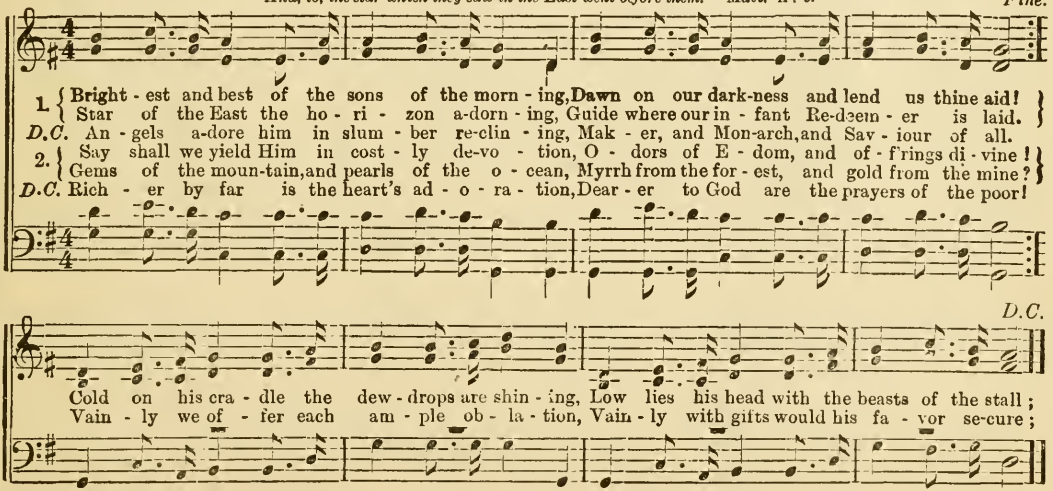


STAR OF THE EAST.

DR. A. B. EVERETT.

"And, lo, the star which they saw in the East went before them."—Matt. ii : 9.

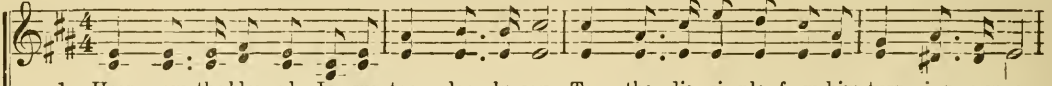
Fine.



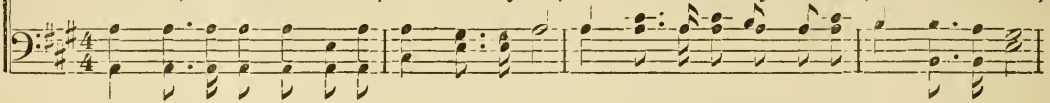
TO WHOM SHALL WE GO?

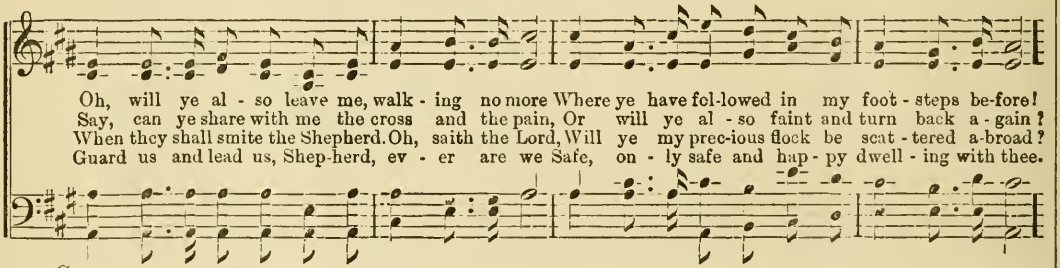
MRS. MARY B. C. SLADE, Fall River, Mass. R. M. McINTOSH.

"Then said Jesus unto the twelve, will ye also go away?"—John vi: 67.



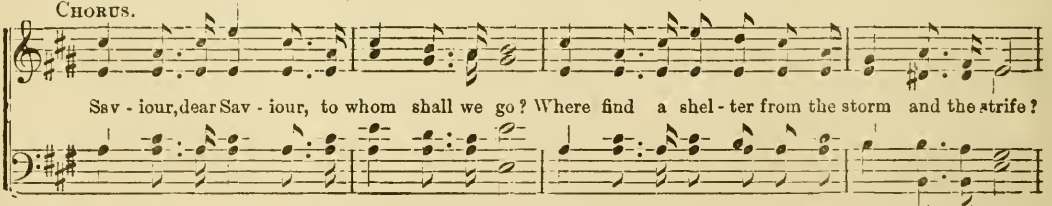
1. Hear, now, the bless-ed Je-sus ten-der-ly say, To the dis-ci-ples from him turn-ing a-way,
2. Hear, now, the bless-ed Je-sus, ask-ing, are ye A-ble to drink the cup a-wait-ing for me?
3. Hear, now, the bless-ed Je-sus say, will ye be, When time of tri-al comes, of-fend-ed for me?
4. Hear us, oh bless-ed Je-sus, safe is thy fold, Dark are the drea-ry mountains, cheer-less and cold;



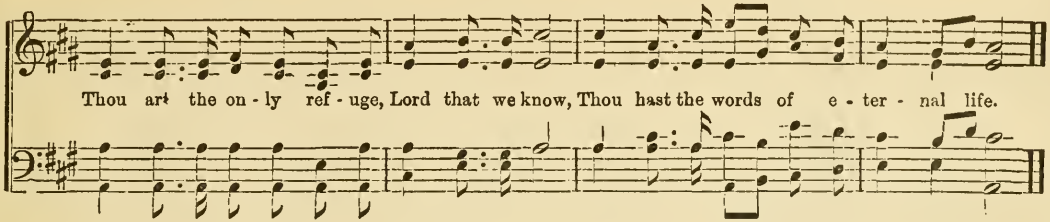


Oh, will ye al-so leave me, walk-ing no more Where ye have fol-lowed in my foot-steps be-fore!
Say, can ye share with me the cross and the pain, Or will ye al-so faint and turn back a-gain?
When they shall smite the Shepherd. Oh, saith the Lord, Will ye my prec-ious flock be scat-tered a-broad?
Guard us and lead us, Shep-herd, ev-er are we Safe, on-ly safe and hap-py dwell-ing with thee.

CHORUS.

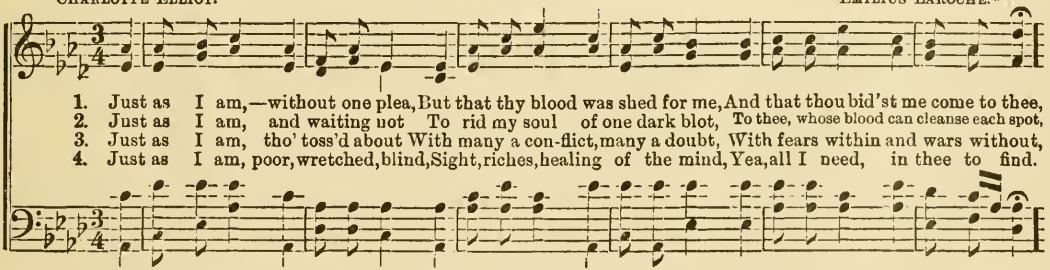


Sav-iour, dear Sav-iour, to whom shall we go? Where find a shel-ter from the storm and the strife?

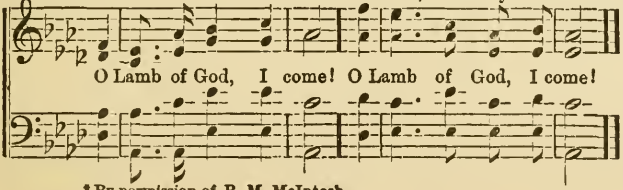


JUST AS I AM.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOT. EMILIUS LAROCHE.*



CODA, this may be omitted.



5.

Just as I am,—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe,—
O Lamb of God, &c.

6.

Just as I am,—thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down,
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,—
O Lamb of God, &c.

* By permission of R. M. McIntosh.

THE MASTER CALLETH FOR THEE.

Words by Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. Read John xi; 28, 29. R. M. McIntosh, by per.

1. Her sad vi - gil keep - ing, Ma - ry sat weep - ing, Mourning for Laz-a-rus dead, Her glad tidings learn-ing,
2. Then swift at His call - ing, at His feet fall - ing Ma-ry so sor-row-ful goes; And trustful be - liev - ing,
3. When loss is be-fore us, grief gath-ers o'er us, Shadows of sorrow sur-round; Whate'er may be-fall us,

Chorus.

Mar - tha re - turn - ing, Un - to the weep-ing one said, Je - sus is com - ing, Him have I met,
meek-ly re - ceiv - ing, Hope that the Mas - ter be - stows.
if He will call us, Glad - ly we'll fol - low the sound.

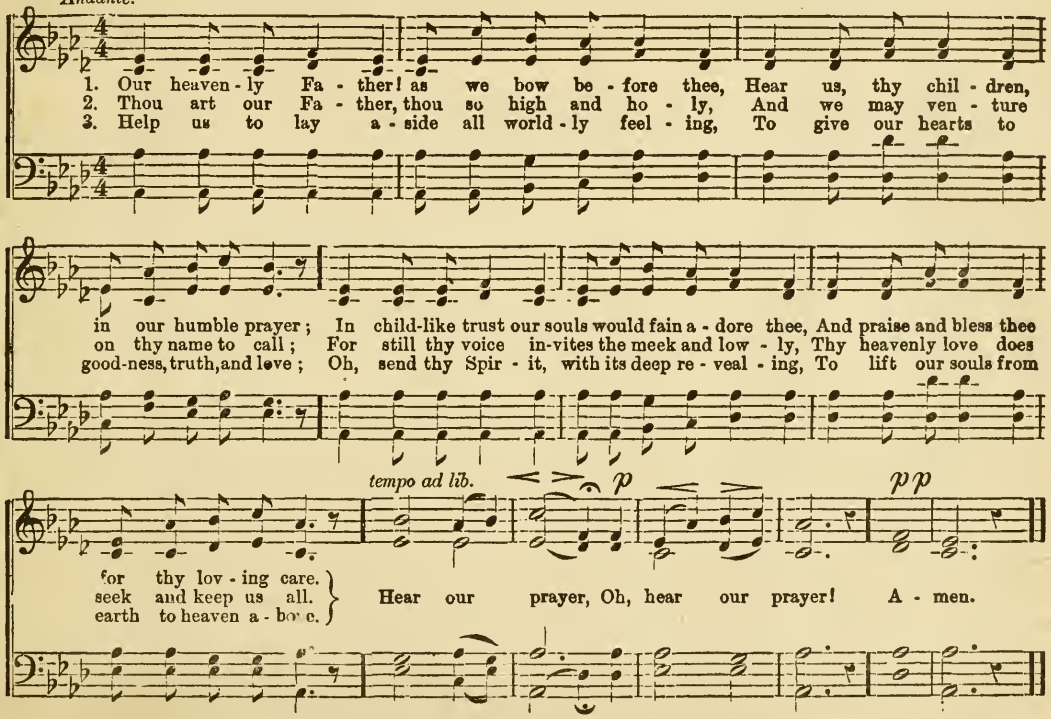
Glad are his tid-ings to me; Joy-ful a - rise, the Master is com - ing, Je - sus is call-ing for thee.

OUR HEAVENLY FATHER, HEAR OUR PRAYER.

HYMN BEFORE PRAYER.

W. N. EVANS.

H. S. PERKINS, from "Shining River" by per.



THE GOOD WE ALL MAY DO.

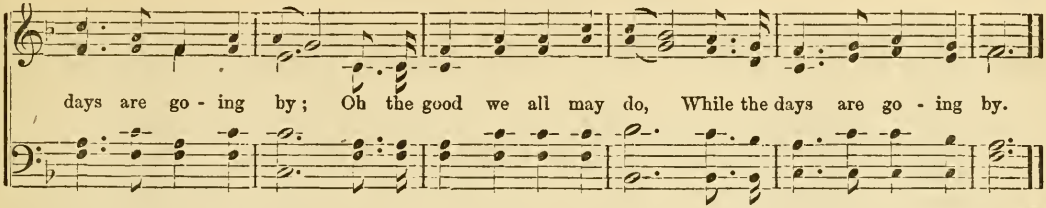
"Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."—Gal. vi: 2.

R. M. McINTOSH.

1. { There are lone - ly hearts to cher - ish While the days are go - ing by;
There are wea - ry souls who per - ish While the [OMIT.]..... days are go - ing by; If a
2. { There's no time for i - dle scorn - ing, While the days are go - ing by;
Let your face be like the morn - ing, While the [OMIT.]..... days are go - ing by; Oh, the
3. { All the lov - ing links that bind us, While the days are go - ing by;
One by one we leave be - hind us, While the [OMIT.]..... days are go - ing by; But the

smile we can re - new, As our jour - ney we pur - sue, Oh, the good we all may
world is full of sighs, Full of sad and weep - ing eyes,— Help your fal - len broth - ers
seed of good we sow, Both in shade and shine will grow, And will keep our hearts a -

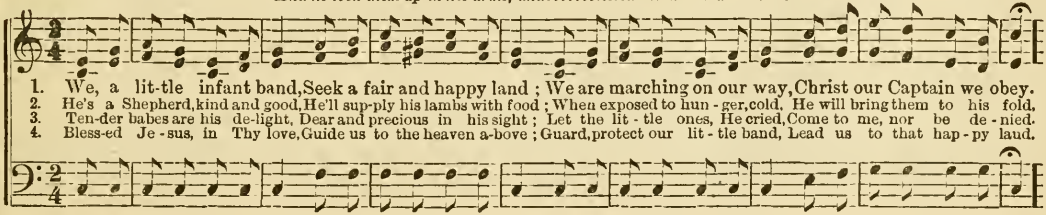
do, While the days are go - ing by, While the days are go - ing by, While the
rise, While the days are go - ing by, While the days are go - ing by, While the
glow, While the days are go - ing by, While the days are go - ing by, While the



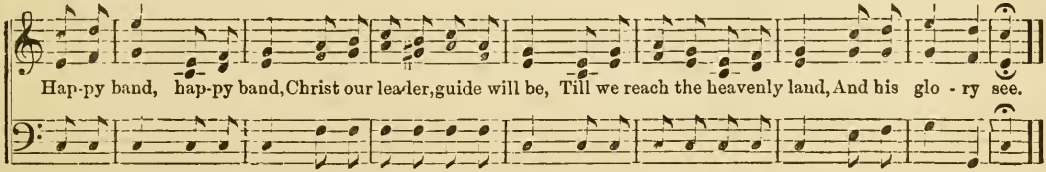
HAPPY BAND. (Infant Class.)

REV. J. H. MARTIN. EMILIUS LAROCHE.

"And he took them up in his arms, and.....blessed them."—Mark x : 16.



REFRAIN.



TO THE WOODS.

(PIC-NIC SONG.)

Da. A. B. Everett.

1. The skies are fair, and the sun shines bright, All joy - ous in the morn-ing! Our hearts, like the birds, are free and light, To hail the glo - rious dawn - ing.
2. To the woods we'll go, with a fes - tal show, Our hap - py songs now sing-ing; Our banners unfurled in Eas - tern glow, And mer - ry voi - ces ring - ing.
3. The Grove so sha - dy, so fresh and green, In-vites with gen - tle whis - per, As high on the boughs the birds are seen, And red-breasts shy - ly lin - ger.
4. Sweet flow - ers bloom, and the cool-ing spring, A rip-pling wel-come rai - ses; And there in that leaf - y grove we'll sing our thank-ful, joy - ous prais - es.

Chorus.

To the woods, to the woods, to the woods, the woods a - way. To the woods we'll go, with fes - tal show, And spend our hol - i - day.

To the woods, to the woods, the woods a - way, to the

HOME OF THE BLEST.

"They desire a better city."—Heb. ii: 16.

R. M. McIntosh.

1. O when shall I dwell in a mansion all bright, And Je - sus my Sav-iour behold? Or walk by his side like an an - gel of light, In a cit - y all garnish'd with gold?
2. No pearl from the o-cean, or gold from the mine, Can par - don or pu - ri - ty buy; I'll trust in the blood of a Saviour divine, And cling to the cross till I die.
3. But while I'm a stranger, a-way from my home, I'll toil in the vineyard and pray; I'll car - ry the cross while I think of the crown, And watch for the break of the day.

Chorus.

Home of the blest! Home of the blest!
When wilt thou ev - er be mine? Home of the blest! Home of the blest! Soon shalt thou ev - er be mine.

SINNER, THY SAVIOUR IS CALLING.

Words and Music by D. S. JOHNSTON, from "Shining River" by per.

"And the Spirit and the Bride say, come."—Rev. xxii : 17.

1. Thy Sav-iour is ten-der-ly calling thee now, O careless one, calling to thee ; He's pleading and waiting to hear thy vow, He's call - ing, calling thee now.
2. Too long you have followed your own crooked way, Till weary and tired of sin ; He shows you a re-fuge of hope to-day, You'll find it on - ly in Him.
3. Your loved ones are pleading and praying for you, In tears they have agonized long ; The an-gels are waiting to tell the news, And all will join in the song.

CHORUS.

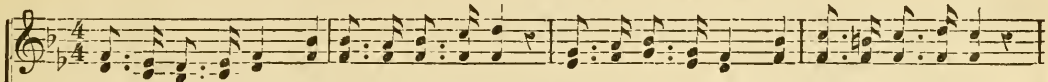
Sin-ner, thy Saviour is call - ing, call - ing to thee. Ac - cept the sweet par - don he now will give, O sin - ner, he's call - ing thee.

call - ing, call-ing, call - ing, call-ing to thee.

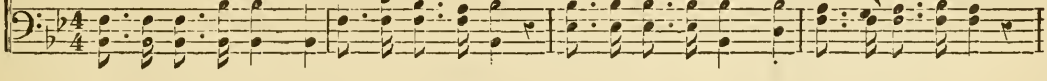
WHEN THE FLOWERS ARE SPRINGING. (Infant class.)

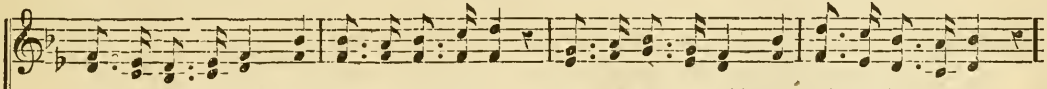
REV. JOS. H. MARTIN. R. M. MCINTOSH.

"I love them that love me; They that seek me early shall find me."—Rev. viii : 17.



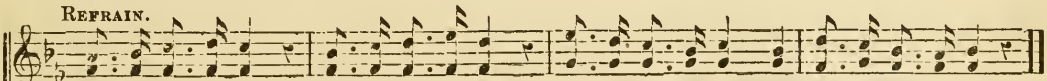
1. When the flow'rs are springing, When the roses bloom, When the air is fragrant With a rich perfume;
2. In the joy - ous spring-time, In the opening year, When like buds of prom - ise, Lit - tle ones appear;
3. Hear the words of Je - sus, Sounding from above, Them that seek me ear - ly, I will sure-ly love;



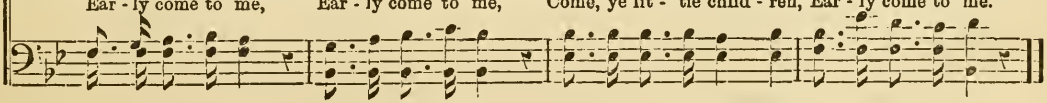


In life's dew - y morn - ing, Hear the Sav-iour say, Come to me, ye child - ren, Seek my face to-day.
When you're young and tender, With your lit - tle voice, Praise to Je - sus ren - der, In his smile rejoice.
Let the lit - tle chil - dren, Come with joy to me; In my arms I'll take them, And their shepherd be.

REFRAIN.



Ear - ly come to me, Ear - ly come to me, Come, ye lit - tle child - ren, Ear - ly come to me.



HAPPY PILGRIMS.

Words by Mrs. M. B. C. Slade.

R. M. McIntosh, by per.

Semi-Chorus.

Read Rev. xxi: 2, 18—27.

1. To the heav-en - ly Je - ru - sa-lem They are sing-ing, as they go; And the King thereof shall
2. In the heav-en - ly Je - ru - sa-lem, No more night their souls shall know; There the Lord's dear face shall
3. In the heav-en - ly Je - ru - sa-lem, All their tears shall cease to flow; No more sor - row, pain nor
4. To that heav-en - ly Je - ru - sa-lem, With the pilgrims will you go? Sing - ing songs of end - less

Chorus.

welcome them, For he loves, he loves them so. Thro' the o - - - - - pen, pear - ly
shine on them, For he loves, he loves them so.
death for them, For he loves, he loves them so.
praise with them, For he loves, he loves them so.

Thro' the o - pen, thro' the o - pen, pear - ly

por - tals Sounds the wond - - - - - - rous new - made song; And the

por - tals, Sounds the won-drous, sounds the won - d'rous new - made song; And the

HAPPY PILGRIMS. Concluded.

an - - - - - thems of im - mor-tals Greet the hap - - - - - py pil-grim throng.

an-thems, and the an-thems of im - mor-tals Greet the hap - py, greet the hap - py pil-grim throng.

JESUS, I MY CROSS HAVE TAKEN.

GRANT. DR. A. B. EVERETT.

"Take up the cross and follow me."—Mark x ; 21.

FINE.

1. Je - sus, I my cross have ta - ken, All to leave and fol - low thee:
Na - ked, poor, de-spised, for - sak - en, Thou, from hence, my all shall be.

2. Let the world de - spise and leave me: They have left my Sav - iour too:
Hu - man hearts and looks de - ceive me—Thou art not, like them un - true.

3. Go, then, earth-ly fame and treas - ure: Come, dis - as - ter, scorn, and pain:
In thy ser - vice pain is pleas - ure—With thy fa - vor loss is gain.

D.C. Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heaven are still my own!
Foes may hate, and friends dis - own me, Show thy face, and all is bright.
Storms may howl, and clouds may gath - er, All must work for good to me.

D.C.

Per - ish, eve - ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known:
And while thou shalt smile up - on me, God of wis - dom, love, and might,
I have call'd thee Ab - ba, Fa - ther,— I have set my heart on thee,

SILENT TO THEE. Solo and Chorus.

R. M. McINTOSH.

SOLO. MEZZO SOPRANO OR ALTO.

1. As down in the sun - less re-treats of the o-cean, Sweet flow-ers are spring-ing, no mor - tal can see, So,
2. As still to the star of its wor - ship, tho' cloud-ed, The nee-dle points faith-ful - ly o'er the dark sea, So,

Piano or Org.

deep in my heart, the still pray'r of de - vo - tion, Un-heard by the world, ris - es si - lent to Thee.
dark tho' I roam thro' this wintry world shrouded, The hope of my spir - it turns tremb - ling to Thee.

CHORUS. *p* *m* *m* *p* *m* *Rit.* *pp*

Si - lent to Thee, My God to Thee, Pure, warm, si-lent to Thee, Pure, warm, si-lent to Thee.
Trembling to Thee, My God to Thee, True, fond, trembling to Thee, True, fond, trembling to Thee.

PRAISE HIM, AND MAGNIFY HIM FOREVER. (Metrical Chant.)

Where there is sufficient material, this should be sung antiphonally; all uniting in the Gloria Patri. EMILIUS LAROCHE.

1. O All ye works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord; praise him, and mag - ni - fy him for ever.
2. O ye Heavens, bless ye the Lord; praise him, and mag - ni - fy him for ever.
3. O ye Children of Men, bless ye the Lord; praise him, and mag - ni - fy him for ever.
4. O ye Servants of the Lord, bless ye the Lord; praise him, and mag - ni - fy him for ever.

5. *Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost.*

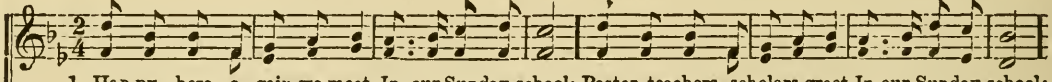
1. O ye Angels of the Lord, bless ye the Lord; praise him, and mag - ni - fy him for ever.
2. O ye Mountains and Hills, bless ye the Lord; praise him, and mag - ni - fy him for ever.
3. O let Israel bless the Lord; praise him, and mag - ni - fy him for ever.
4. O ye holy and humble men of heart, bless ye the Lord; praise him, and mag - ni - fy him for ever.

5. *As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world with - out end. A - men. A - men.*

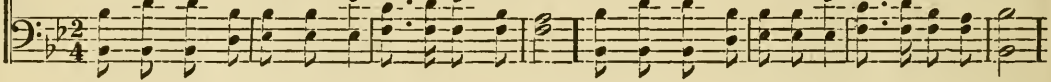
HAPPY HERE AGAIN WE MEET.

R. G. STAPLES. From "Golden Sheaf," by per.

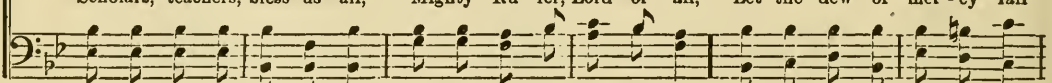
"Then said Jesus to them again, Peace be unto you." — John xx : 21.



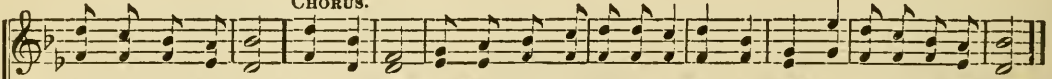
1. Hap-py here a - gain we meet In our Sunday-school; Pastor, teachers, scholars greet, In our Sunday-school:
2. Saviour, dwell in ev - 'ry heart In our Sunday-school; Blessings on us all impart, In our Sunday-school:
3. In our ev - 'ry meeting here, In our Sunday-school; Sov'reign God, do thou appear, Bless our Sunday-school;



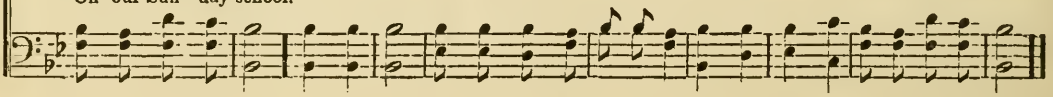
Here His mer - cy we en - treat, Bow - ing hum-bly at His feet; Grace surrounds His mer - cy - seat,
Grant us, Lord, thy gra - cious smile, Cleanse our hearts from ev'-ry guile, Christ and sin - ners re - con - cile,
Scholars, teachers, bless us all, Mighty Ru - ler, Lord of all, Let the dew of mer - cy fall



CHORUS.



Through His precious death. Sweet, sweet peace dwells within our Sabbath home; Praise the Saviour for our Sabbath home.
Through a - ton - ing blood.
On our Sun - day school.



WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?

R. M. McINTOSH.

"Repent ye and believe in the Gospel."—**Mark.** i 15.

1. Oh do not let the word de - part, And close thine eyes a - gainst the light;
2. To - morrow's sun may nev - er rise To bless thy long de - lud - ed sight;
3. Our God in pi - ty lin - gers still, And wilt thou thus His love re - quite?
4. Our bless - ed Lord re - fus - es none Who would to Him their souls u - nite;

Poor sin - ner hard - en not thine heart; Thou would'st be saved—why not to-night?
This is the time, Oh, then be wise; Thou would'st be saved—why not to-night;
Re - nounce at once thy stub - born will. Thou would'st be saved—why not to-night;
Be - lieve in Him— the work is done; Thou would'st be saved—why not to-night;

REFRAIN.

Why not to-night? why not to-night? Thou would'st be saved—why not to - night?

HEAVENLY HOME.

DR. A. B. EVERETT.

"For here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come."—Heb. xiii : 14.

1. Heaven - ly home! heaven - ly home! pre - cious name to me! I love to think the
2. Heaven - ly home! heaven - ly home! there no clouds a - rise, No tear - drops fall, no
3. Heaven - ly home! heaven - ly home! ne'er shall sor - row's gloom, Nor doubts nor fears dis-

CHORUS. *Heaven - ly home! heaven - ly home! pre - cious name to me! I love to think the*

time will come when I shall rest in thee. I've no a - bid - ing ci - ty here, I
dark nights dim thy ev - er smil - ing skies. This earth-ly home is fair and bright, Yet
turb me there, for all is peace at home. I know I ne'er shall wor- thy be To

INST.

time will come when I shall rest in thee.

D. C. for chorus ad lib.

seek for one to come; And though my pil-grim-age be drear, I know there's rest at home.
clouds will oft - en come; And, oh, I long to see the light That gilds my heavenly home.
dwell 'neath heav'n's bright dome; But Christ my Sav-iour died for me, And now He calls me home.

TRIBUTE. (Missionary Collection.)

T. O. SUMMERS, D.D. R. M. McINTOSH, by per.

1. To Je - sus our King, Who sits on the throne, Our trib - ute we bring, His sovereignty own: His king-dom, so glo-rious, We long to be - hold O'er all men vic - to - rious, As promised of old.
2. Each Sun-day-school child Con-trib - utes to cheer The wil - derness wild, The sol - i-tude drear: The des - ert so fearful, With wants and with woes, We help to make cheer-ful, And bloom as the rose.
3. The Fa - ther, the Son, The Spir - it of grace— The great Three in One—All nations shall bless: The poor Pa-gan swell forth His praise with the Jew, The Mus - sul-man tell forth His glad homage too.

REFRAIN.

Trib - ute we bring, Trib - ute we bring, To Je - sus, to Je - sus our trib - ute we bring.

AWAKE, ARISE!

REV. J. H. MARTIN. EMILIUS LAROCHE.

"Put on the whole armor of God."—Eph.

1. A - wake, a - rise, and arm you for the fight, In Je - sus be strong and brave; Go forth to bat - tle
2. Fear not the strength and numbers of the foe, For Je - sus will you de - fend; In his great power to
3. Put on the breast-plate, helmet, sword, and shield, With sandals of peace be shod: With cour-age fight, com-

REFRAIN.

in your Sav-iour's might, He vanquish'd for you the grave. We'll con - quer thro' his grace, we'll con - quer thro' his grace, And
bat - tle bold - ly go, On Him and his grace de-pend.
pel the foe to yield, And triumph by faith in God.

wear the vic-tor's crown; We'll reach the heavenly place, behold his smil-ing face, With Je-sus on his throne sit down.

THE LORD IS RISEN.

DR. THOMAS HASTINGS. DR. A. BROOKS EVERETT. *

"He is not here: behold the place where they laid him."—Luke xvi: 6

1. How calm and beau - ti - ful the morn That gilds the sa - cred tomb,
2. Ye mourn - ing saints, dry ev' - ry tear For your de - part - ed Lord,
3. How tran - quil now the ris - ing day! 'Tis Je - sus still ap - pears,
4. And when the shades of even - ing fall, When life's last hour draws nigh,

Where once the Cru - ci - fied was borne, And veiled in mid - night gloom!
"Be - hold the place!—He is not here," The tomb is all un - barr'd:
A ris - en Lord to chase a - way Your un - be - liev - ing fears:
If Je - sus shines up - on the soul, How bliss - ful then to die!

Oh! weep no more the Sav - iour slain: The Lord is risen—He lives a - gain.
The gates of death were closed in vain: The Lord is risen—He lives a - gain.
O weep no more your com - forts slain: The Lord is risen—He lives a - gain.
Since he is risen who once was slain, Ye die in Christ to live a - gain.

* By per. R. M. McIntosh.

WE'LL GAIN THE PORT OF PEACE.

REV. J. H. MARTIN. R. M. McINTOSH.

"And when they were come into the ship, the wind ceased."—Matt. xiv: 32.

1. Our ship is on the o - pen sea, We're sail - ing o'er the deep, And an - gry tem - pests
2. Toss'd to and fro up - on the wave, Our ves - sel, fierce-ly driven, Sinks down-ward in a
3. In deep dis-tress to God we cry, He bids the winds be still; He calms the tem - pest
4. The har - bor gain'd, our per - ils o'er, We'll glad - ly anch - or cast; With joy we'll land up-

REFRAIN.

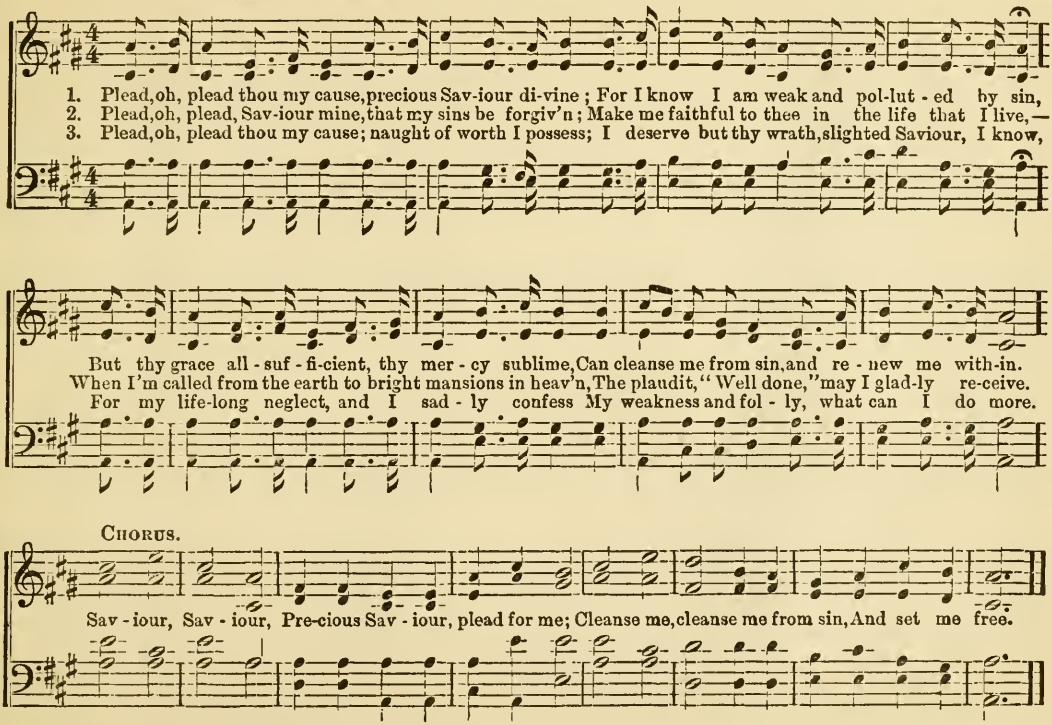
wild and free, A - cross its bos - om sweep. We'll bear the storm, 'twill soon be o'er, We'll
li - quid grave, Then up - ward mounts to heaven.
rag - ing high, The waves o - bey his will.
on the shore, We'll reach our home at last.

gain the port of peace; We'll bear the storm, 'twill soon be o'er, We'll gain the port of peace.

PLEAD, OH PLEAD MY CAUSE.

R. G. STAPLES, from "Golden Sheaf" by per.

"If any man sin, we have, an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous."—1 John ii : 1.



BLIND BARTIMEUS.

Words by Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. Read Mark x: 46—52. R. M. McIntosh, by per.

1. As forth from the cit - y, went Je - sus one day, They came to a blind man, who heard, by the way 'Tis Je - sus of Naz - a - reth, now pass-ing by; Then, tho' they rebuked, more and more would he cry:
2. What wilt thou, said Je - sus, shall I do to thee? He answered him, Lord that mine eyes opened be, The Lord had com - pas - sion, and touch-ing his eyes, Restored them, in an - swer to faith's earn-est cries:
3. Then all when they saw it, to God gave the praise; And glo - ry to God, doth he gratefully raise; Re- joic - ing, the face of the Mas - ter to see, Who pi - ty - ing heard, when be-liev - ing cried he,
4. Dear Lord, when in dark-ness and blindness we stray, To thee will we cry when thou passest this way, We'll hold not our peace, but be-seech more and more, Lord, let thy com-pas - sion and pit - y re - store.

Hear me in kind-ness, pit - y my blind-ness, Thou Son of Da - vid, have mer - cy on me!

JESUS, MY ALL, TO HEAVEN IS GONE.

DR. A. B. EVERETT.

1. Je - sus, my all, to heaven is gone, Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! He whom I fix my hopes up - on. Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! His track I see, and I'll pur - sue Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! The nar - row way, till him I view. Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!
2. The way the ho - ly proph - ets went, Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! The road that leads from ban - ish - ment, Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! The King's highway of ho - li - ness, Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! I'll go, for all his paths are peace. Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!
3. This is the way I long have sought, Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! And mourned be - cause I found it not: Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! My grief a bur - den long has been Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! Because I was not saved from sin. Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!
4. The more I strove a - gainst its power, Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! I felt its weight and guilt the more; Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! Till late I heard my Sav - iour say, Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! "Come hith - er soul, I AM THE WAY." Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!
5. Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb, Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! Shall take me to thee as I am; Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! Noth - ing but sin have I to give, Glo - ry hal - le lu - jah! Nothing but love shall I re - ceive. Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!
6. Then will I tell to sin - ners round Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! What a dear Saviour I have found; Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! I'll point to thy re - deem - ing blood, Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! And say, "Behold the way to God!" Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!

COME UNTO ME.

Words by Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

Read Matt. 11: 28–50.

Dr. A. B. EVERETT. *

1. Hark, the gentle voice of Je - sus fall - eth, Ten - der - ly up - on your ear; Sweet his cry of love and
2. Take his yoke, for he is meek and low - ly, Bear his bur - den, of him learn. He who call - eth is the
3. Then, his loving, tender voice o - bey - ing, Bear his yoke his bur- den take; Find the yoke his hand is

CHORUS.

pit - y call - eth; Turn and list - en, stay and hear. Ye that la - bor and are heav - y la - den,
Mas - ter, ho - ly, He will teach if you will learn.
on you lay-ing. Light and ea - sy for his sake.

Lean upon your dear Lord's breast: Ye that la - bor and are heavy la - den, Come, and I will give you rest.

* By per. R. M. McINTOSH.

IN THE HAPPY EDEN.

Rev. J. H. Martin — R. M. McIntosh.

"There shall be no night there."—Rev xxi: 25.

1. In the hap - py E - den, In the land a-bove, Souls de-part - ed call us, To that home of love.
2. There the bless-ed an - gels Ev - er-more do cry, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Is the Lord most High;
3. On the Tree immor - tal Fruits ambro-sial grow, From the liv - ing fountain Streams re-fresh-ing flow;

There the flow'rs are blooming In e - ter-nal spring, There the ransomed spir - its Hal - le - lu - ias sing.
There the Saints in glo - ry In the song u-nite, Praise the Lamb with gladness, Rest not day and night.
There no sor - row en - ters, Tears are shed no more, Pain and death are stran-gers On that heavenly shore.

Refrain.

At the gate of E - den, In that par - a - dise, Lov-ing ones shall greet us, When to heav'n we rise.

GLORY BRIGHT.

REV. JOS. H. MARTIN. R. M. McINTOSH.

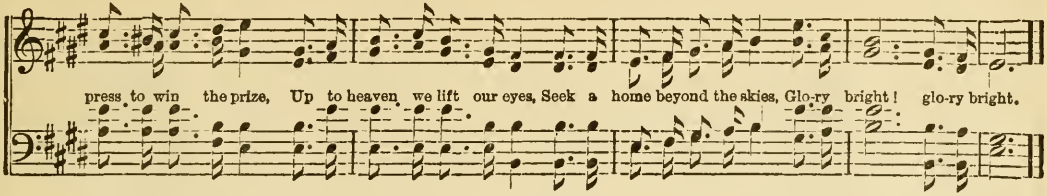
1. Seek the bright and shining shore, Forward go, forward go, There to dwell for-ev - er more, Forward go, Forward go,
2. Je - sus is thy guide and light, Forward go, forward go! He will make thy pathway bright, Forward go, Forward go,
3. Thou shalt dwell with him above, Ev - er-more, ev - er - more; Thou shalt sing his power and love, Ev-er - more, Ev - er-more!

Pil - grim thro' this wilderness, Mid thy sor - row and distress, In thy journey onward press, Forward go
He will be thy steadfast friend, On his grace and strength depend, Be thou faithful to the end, Forward go.
Thou a kingdom shalt receive, He a crown of life will give, In his presence thou shalt live, Ev-er-more.

CHORUS.

Glory bright! glory bright, Crowns await tho saints on high, Glory bright! glo-ry bright, On we

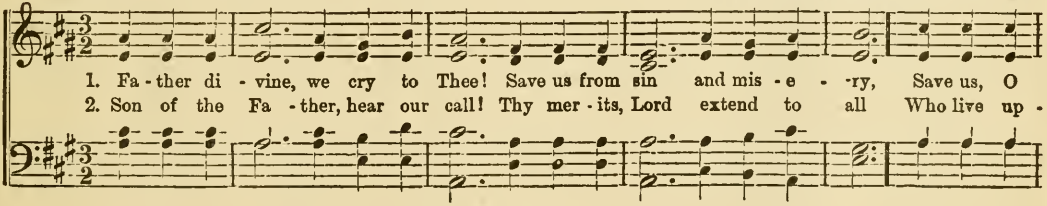
Glo-ry bright! glo-ry bright, Crowns await the saints on high, Glo-ry bright! glo-ry bright, On we

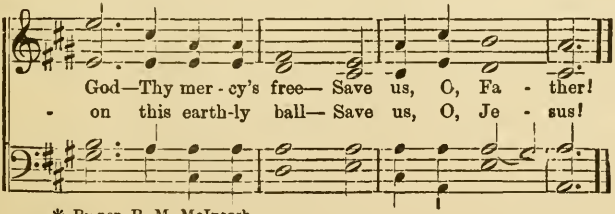


CHILD'S LITANY.

Words by T. O. SUMMERS, D.D.

HENRY T. LESLIE, Mus. Doc. *
Organist at Victoria Church, Leicester, England.





3 Spirit of God, Thy mighty grace,
Which saves from sin and wretchedness,
Is free for all our fallen race—
Save us, O Spirit!

4 Father, and Son, and Holy Ghost,
Adored by all the heavenly host,
One God—of whom we make our boast—
Save us for ever!

* By per. R. M. McIntosh.

THERE IS A FOUNTAIN FILLED WITH BLOOD.

COWPER.

1. There is a fountain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins; And sinners plunged be-
2. The dy-ing thief rejoiced to see That foun-tain in his day; And there may I, though
3. Dear dy-ing Lamb, thy pre-cious blood, Shall nev-er lose its power, Till all the ran-som'd
4. E'er since by faith, I saw the stream Thy flow-ing wounds sup-ply, Re-deem-ing love has
5. Then in a no-bler, sweet-er song, I'll sing thy power to save, When this poor lisp-ing,

-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose
vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way; Wash all my sins a-way, Wash
church of God Be saved to sin no more; Be saved to sin no more, Be
been my theme, And shall be till I die; And shall be till I die, And
stammering tongue Lies si-lent in the grave; Lies si-lent in the grave, Lies

all their guilt-y stains, And sin-ners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
all my sins a-way, And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.
saved to sin no more, Till all the ransomed church of God, Be saved to sin no more.
shall be till I die, Re-deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
si-lent in the grave, When this poor lisp-ing stam'ring tongue Lies si-lent in the grave.

THE SABBATH OF THE SOUL.

S. C. J. WHITTLESEY. R. M. McINTOSH.

"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."—Psalms xxx. 5.

Animated.

1. { The Sabbath morn is beaming, Brightly beaming; Its golden light is gleaming Sweetly o'er this Christian land; But there's a Sabbath brighter, Brighter, brighter, But there's a Sabbath brighter, On fair Canaan's shining strand. }

CHORUS.

Glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! Ransomed souls are sweet-ly sing - ing; Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah! In the Sab - bath of the soul.

2 All who would sing God's praises,
Endless praises,
All who would sing God's praises,
O'er this mortal bank and shoal,
This earthly Sabbath morning,
Holy morning,
Look upward for the dawning
Of the Sabbath of the soul
Glory, hallelujah, etc.

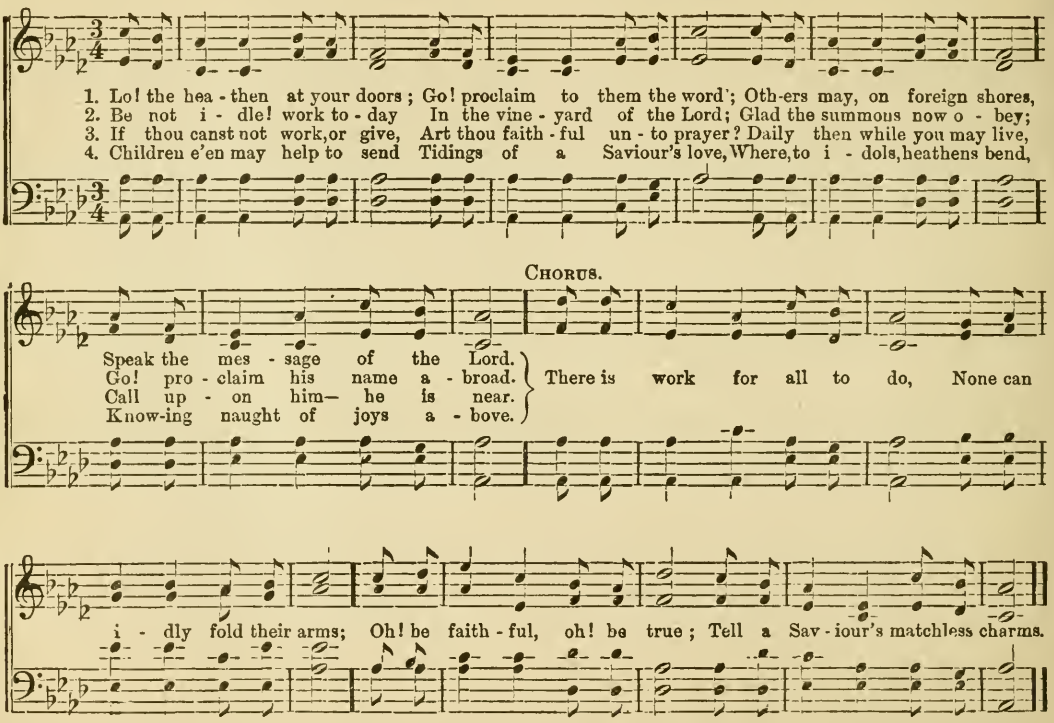
3 This holy morn is fleeting,
Swiftly fleeting!
The waning hours are chasing
Ev'ry sunbeam from the sky;
But in that glorious morning,
Heav'nly morning,
There'll be a fadeless dawning
Of the Sabbath up on high.
Glory, hallelujah, etc.

WORK FOR ALL.

R. G. S.

From "Golden Sheaf" by per. R. G. Staples.

"Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."—Mark xvi : 15.



HAPPY HOUR.

Words by M. B. P.

W. O. PERKINS. From "Shining River."

1. When the twilight soft - ly clos - es On the ho-ly Sabbath day, And all nature calm re - pos - es, Oh, how sweet this hour to pray.
2. Words of truth and heav'nly wis - dom Have we treasur'd thro' the day: Now to learn the sacred les - son, For thy grace we'll hum-bly pray.
3. When our life grows dark around us, And the clouds of sorrow low'r, Mem'ries sweet will linger near us, Of this ho - ly Sab - bath hour.

CHORUS.

Happy hour, Hap - py hour, When our hearts to heav'n can soar; How we love the peace - ful shad - ows Of the twilight's Sabbath hour!

Happy hour, Happy hour,

May repeat Chorus pp.

CAST YOUR NETS ON THE OTHER SIDE.

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. Read John xxi: 3-6. Emilius Laroche. *

1 Seven fishers went out by night at sea, In a ship on the waves of Gal-i-lee, In vain they toil'd till the night was o'er, Then Je-sus stood on the shin-ing shore.

2. Not one of the seven said, why, oh, Lord? For they lov'd to o-bey the Master's word; They cast, therefore, and be-hold! they saw Their net more full than their hands could draw.

3. Ye fish-ers who go as fish-ers of men, Casting o-ver your nets all night in vain; The long, dark hours have ye toiled with-in The toss-ing waves of a world of sin?

4. Oh, brothers, be glad and strong in the faith, Ye are fishers of men, the Master saith, And grow not faint tho' the toil seem vain, But cast your nets to the right a-gain.

Chorus.

A-cross the sound of the sea he cried, Cast your nets on the oth-er side, The oth-er side, the oth-er side, Ye shall fill your nets on the oth-er side.

They then rejoiced that the dear Lord cried, Cast your nets on the oth-er side, The oth-er side, the oth-er side, Ye shall fill your nets on the oth-er side.

Your Mas-ter calls at the morn-ing-tide, Cast your nets on the oth-er side, The oth-er side, the oth-er side, Ye shall fill your nets on the oth-er side.

The dear Lord's voice in your heart shall guide, Cast your nets on the oth-er side, The oth-er side, the oth-er side, Ye shall fill your nets on the oth-er side.

* By per, R. M. McIntosh.

THE BEAUTIFUL LAND OF SONG.

R. G. S.

R. G. STAPLES. From "Golden Sheaf," by per.

"And they sing the song of Moses, the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb."—Rev. xv : 3.

1st. 2nd.

1. { Oh, the bright sun - ny land, 'tis the ci - ty of God, Where no night with its darkness can come ;
But the smile of the Lord, and the plaudit, "well done," Will increase the sweet pleasure of home. }

CHORUS.

Oh, that dear heav'nly home, where no sor - row can come, Where no pain of af - flictions are known, In that beau - ti-ful land of song, Where our loved ones before us have gone.

2. Oh, that beautiful home, where the bright angels dwell,
And the ransomed are singing for aye,
Where the streets of pure gold, and the jas-per-like wall
Ere reflect the bright sunshine of day.—*Cho*

3. Let us seek the bright land where the sweet flowers bloom,
And their fragrance can nevermore die ;
'Tis the dear promised land, where no sor-row can come,
'Tis the Christian's dear home in the sky.
Cho.

SWEET BY AND BY.

Words by S. Fillmore Bennett. Music by J. P. Webster, by per.

Solo or Semi Chorus.

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we may see it a - far, For the
2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore, The me - lo - di-ous songs of the blest, And our
3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer the trib - ute of praise, For the

Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre - pare us a dwell - ing place there.
spir - its shall sor - row no more— Not a sigh for the bless - ing of rest.
glo - ri - ous gift of his love, And the bless - ings that hal - low our days!

CHORUS.

In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau - ti ful shore! In the
In the sweet by and by, We shall sing on that beau - ti-ful shore! In the
In the sweet by and by, We shall praise on that beau - ti-ful shore! In the

TENOR.

In the sweet by and by, in the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau-ti - ful shore by and by, In the
In the sweet by and by, in the sweet by and by, We shall sing on that beau-ti - ful shore by and by, In the
In the sweet by and by, in the sweet by and by, We shall praise on that beau-ti - ful shore by and by, In the

sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.
sweet by and by, We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore.
sweet by and by, We shall praise on that beau - ti - ful shore.

sweet by and by, In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.
sweet by and by, In the sweet by and by, We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore.
sweet by and by, In the sweet by and by, We shall praise on that beau - ti - ful shore.

BEAUTIFUL VALE OF REST.

Words and Music by H. S. PERKINS. From "River of Life," by per.

DUET. *Cheerful.* ALL. DUET.

1. With joy-ful hearts we look to thee, Beau-ti-ful vale of rest,.... The land of bliss beyond the sea,
2. Our friends have gone, thy joys to seek, Beau-ti-ful vale of rest;.... To join the anthem of the meek,
3. We soon shall reach the ho-ly place, Beau-ti-ful vale of rest; ... And see our Master's lov - ing face,

ALL. DUET.

Beauti-ful vale of rest; No tempest fierce shall ever roar, No storms shall beat up - on thy shore, But
Beauti-ful vale of rest; They sing around the Father's throne In concord of the sweetest tone, With
Beauti-ful vale of rest; We'll wear the crown of glory then, And join the glorious heavenly train, With

CHORUS.

peace shall reign for-ev - er-more, In the beauti-ful vale of rest!
hearts of love, and love alone, In the beauti-ful vale of rest!
hal - le - lu - jah and A-men, In the beauti-ful vale of rest!

Beau - ti-ful vale.
Beautiful vale, beautiful vale,

BEAUTIFUL VALE OF REST. Concluded.

Repeat Chorus pp.

Beau-ti-ful vale of rest!.... We'll sing thy glo-ries ev - ermore, Thou beautiful vale of rest!

LORD, I AM COMING. (Infant Class.)

REV. JOS. H. MARTIN. EMILUS LAROCHE.

"Those that seek me early shall find me."—Prov. viii : 17.

1. Sav - iour, Thou hast bid me come, Come to Thee, come to Thee, From my sins, Lord, set me free, Smile on me, Smile on me.
2. Lov - ing Shepherd of the sheep, Save a lamb, save a lamb, Take me, Je - sus, as I am, For to save Je - sus came.
3. Sav - iour, give me strength to come, At thy call, at thy call, Lord be - fore thy cross I fall, Be my life, be my all.

REFRAIN.

Lord, I am com-ing, Lord, I am com-ing, Lord, I am coming, To thee I'm com - ing now.

SABBATH CHIMES.

R. G. S.

R. G. STAPLES, from "Golden Sheaf," by per.

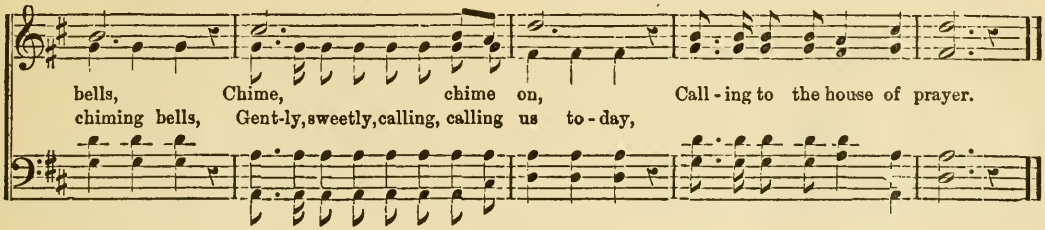
"Blessed are they that dwell in thy house; they will be still praising thee."—Psalms lxxxiv : 4.

1. List! the merry chiming of the Sabbath bells, Sweet-ly call - ing us a - way; Ringing sweetly, sweetly, on the
2. Let the children hasten to the Sabbath School, Joy-ful - ly their teach-ers meet; Lis - ten to the sto-ry of a

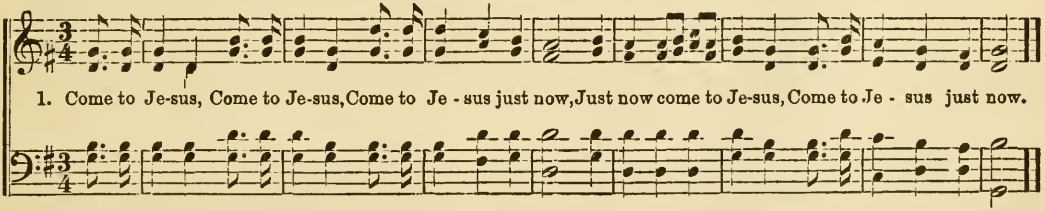
qui-et air, On each precious Sabbath day. Haste we, then, at ear - ly dawn, While the dew is on the verdant lawn,
Saviour's love, And the precious mercy seat. God will always meet us here, And with love our waiting hearts will cheer,

CHORUS.

In our pleasant school-room to be found, When the Sabbath day comes round. Sab - - - - - bath
As we gath-er on each Sab-bath day, Learning of the bet - ter way. Lis - ten to the mer-ry, mer - ry



COME TO JESUS.



2. He will save you, &c
3. Oh, believe him.
4. He is able.
5. He is willing.
6 He'll receive you.
7 Call upon him.
8. He will hear you.
9. Look unto him.
10. He'll forgive you.
11. He will cleause you.
12. Jesus loves you.
13. Only trast him.

SONG FOR CENTENNIAL DAY.

Words by MRS. MARY B. C. SLADE. R. M. McINTOSH.

1. Let us raise a song for the path - way long, That the fa - thers jour-neyed o'er,
2. They were brave and true as they jour-neyed thro', Till they stood on Free-dom's height,
3. From the heights they won, we will jour - ney on, And the fa - thers' sons shall be
4. Oh, our fa - thers' God! may thy staff and rod Be our strength as once be - fore!

Since the proud, old day, when they cast a - way All their chains for - ev - er - more.
And her ban - ner fair, waved a - bove them there, As they bat - tled for the right.
Loy - al, true and brave as the sires that gave To their chil - dren, Lib - er - ty.
Till our on - ly King, thou the land shalt bring Thro' a hun - dred years once more.

REFRAIN.

Though so long, Oh, how long, Was the toil - some wea - ry
Tho' so long, tho' so long, Oh, how long, oh, how long! Was the toil - some wea - ry

way, Let the hun - dred years, with their toils and their tears Wear a crown of joy to - day.
way, wea - ry way, Let the hun - dred years, with their toils and their tears Wear a crown of joy to - day.

ROSS. C. M.

MRS. HEMANS. DR. A. B. EVERETT.*

Requiem.

1. Calm on the bo - som of thy God, Fair spir - it, rest thee now!
2. Dust, to its nar - row house be - neath! Soul to its place on high!

E'en while on earth thy foot - steps trod, His seal was on thy brow.
They that have seen thy look in death. No more may fear to die.

* By per. R. M. McIntosh.

THE TEN VIRGINS.

Words by Mrs. M. B. C. Slade.

Emilius Laroche. *

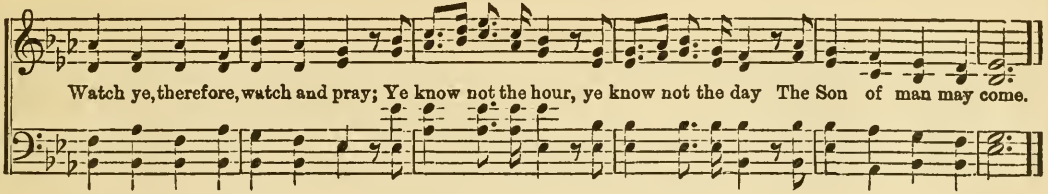
Read Matt. xxv: 1—13.

1. Once, forth to meet the bridegroom, At night ten vir-gins went; Five lamps were trimm'd for burning, In five the oil was spent, And while they slept and slumbered, At midnight rose the shout Be-
2. Then all the fool-ish vir-gins Their need be-gan to tell; And all the wise ones an-swered, Go ye to them that sell. The fool-ish vir-gins hast-ened, In dark-ness, fear, and shame, The
3. Lord, Lord, un-to us o-pen, The fool-ish vir-gins cried,— I know you not, un-to them The bridegroom's voice re-plied. O Christians, learn the les-son, Your lamps be wise and trim, And

Chorus.

-hold the bridegroom com-eth, To meet him go ye out. Watch ye, therefore, watch I say,
wise ones read-y wait-ed, And lo the bridegroom came!
when the bridegroom com-eth, Go glad-ly in with him.

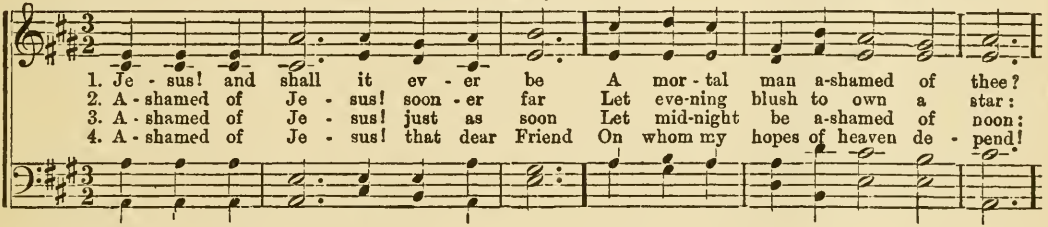
* By per. R. M. McIntosh.



CRICHLOW. L. M.

Words by GRIGG. R. M. McINTOSH, by per.

Not ashamed of Jesus.



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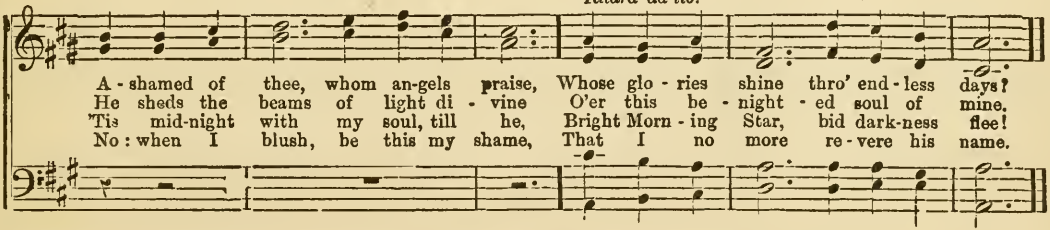


SAD THE SILENCE AT PARTING.

R. G. S.

R. G. STAPLES. From "Golden Sheaf," by per.

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."—Ps. cxvi : 15.

Slow and tenderly.

1. Sad the silence at parting From those we dearly love; Blissful the con-so - la - tion, Soon we shall meet above.
2. Si - lent, silent-ly sleeping, Pulseless, and still, and cold; Still, there's no cause for weeping For lambs of Jesus' fold.

Parting on earth should bring us Nearer, still near - er God; Bowing in sweet submission. Kiss - ing the chast'ning rod.
Tho' these sweet buds of prom-ise, Ear - ly are called from time, Sweetly they sing in glo-ry, Safe in that bliss-ful clime.

CHORUS.

Sad tho silence at parting From those we dearly love; Blissful the con - so - lation, Soon we shall meet above.

GLAD TIDINGS.

From "Shining River," by per.

"Joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons which need no repentance."—Luke xv ; 7.

Sing without interlude.

1. There are an - gels hov - 'ring round, There are an - gels hov - 'ring round; There are an - - gels, an - - gels hov - 'ring round.
2. They will car - ry ti - dings home, They will car - ry ti - dings home; They will car - - - ry, car - - ry ti - dings home,
3. To the new Je - ru - sa - lem, To the new Je - ru - sa- lem; To the new..... the new..... Je - ru - sa - lem.
4. Wan - d'ring chil - dren turn - ing home, Wan - d'ring chil - dren turn - ing home; Wan-d'ring chil - - dren, chil - dren turn - ing home.
5. And the an - gels sing for joy, And the an - gels sing for joy; And the an - - gels, an - - gels sing for joy.

hov'ring round.
tidings home.
Je - ru-sa-lem.
turning home.
sing for joy.

OUR CHOICE.

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. R. M. McIntosh.

Read 2 Chron. 1 : 7.—12 Bible Lessons for July 9.

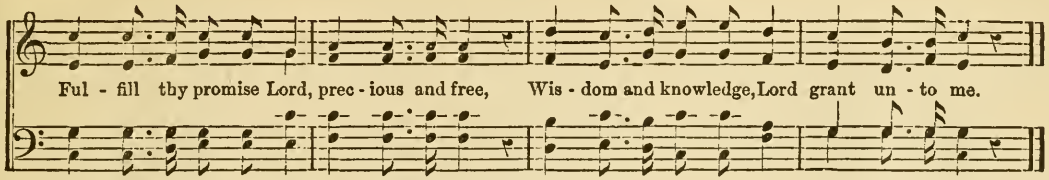
Semi-Chorus.

1. Thou, Oh Lord, all our sin and sor-row know-ing, Thou, dear Lord, know-est all our need,
2. Of thy love gives us meas-ure o - ver flow - ing, Let our souls of thy good - ness learn;
3. So when earth and its fleet - ing, fad - ing pleas - ure, Like a dream shall from us re - move;

What thou wilt while on us thou art be-stow - ing, Blest of thee, we are blest in - deed.
More and more of di- vine - est wis-dom know-ing, Near - er Lord, un - to thee we turn.
Safe with thee we may find our precious treas-ure, Safe - ly kept for us up a - bove.

Chorus.

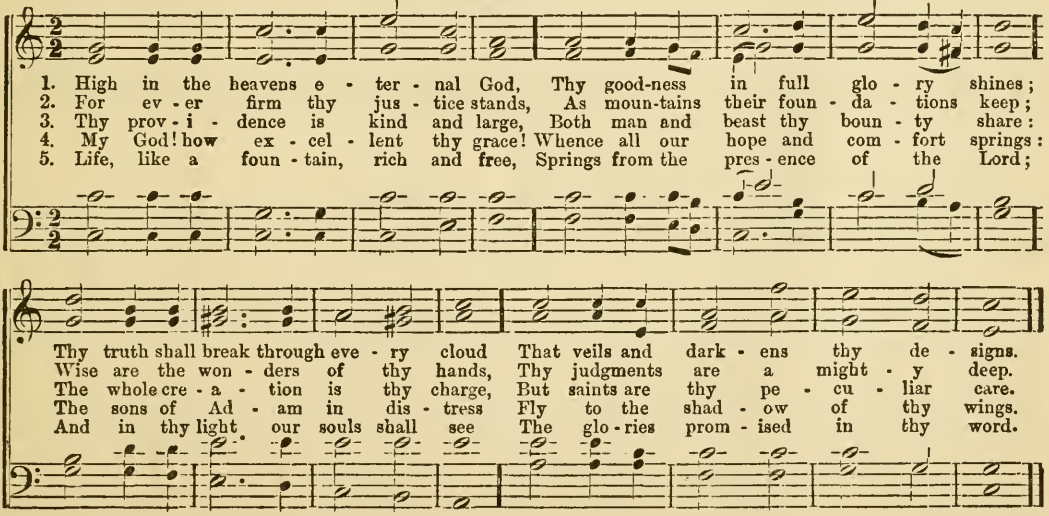
Not wealth nor rich - es our por - tion may be, Give us true wis - dom and knowl-edge of Thee:



SUMMERS. L. M.

WATTS. R. M. McINTOSH, by per.

Psalms xxxvi: 5—9.



KNOCKING AT THE DOOR.

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE. DR. A. B. EVERETT.

Read Rev. iii: 20. Golden Text for Aug. 13.

1. Who at my door is stand - ing,— Pa-tient-ly draw-ing near, Entrance within de - mand - ing? Whose is the voice I hear?
2. Lone - ly without he's stay - ing,— Lone-ly within am I; While I am still de - lay - ing, Will he not pass me by?
3. All thro' the dark hours drear - y, Knocking a-gain is he, Je - sus, art thou not wea - ry, Wait - ing so long for me?
4. Door of my heart, I has - ten! Thee will I o - pen wide, Though he rebuke and chas - ten, He shall with me a - bide.
5. Guest of our love, he sees us, O - pen-ing now our door; Joy - ful - ly en - ter, Je - sus! Dwell with us e - ver - more!

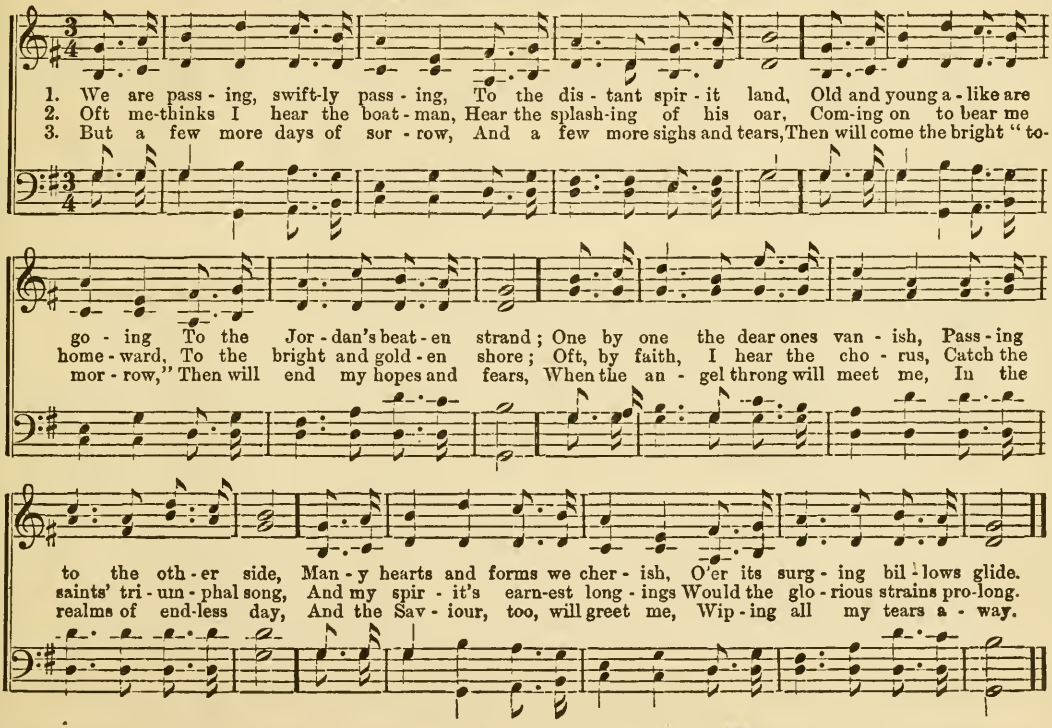
CHORUS.

Sweet-ly the tones are fall - ing;—
"O - pen the door for me, If thou wilt heed my call - ing, I will a-bide with thee."

PASSING AWAY.

REV. J. W. P. FACKLER. G. W. LYON.

"To an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away."—1 Peter. 1: 4.



SEEKING.

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE. R. M. MCINTOSH.

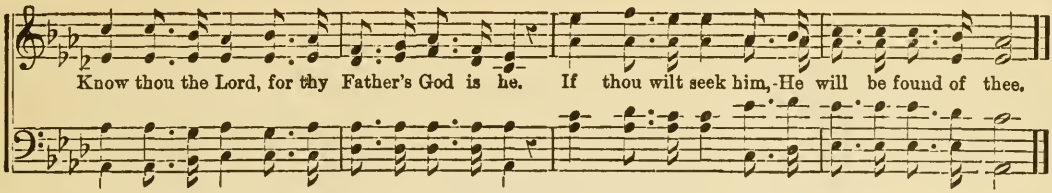
Read 1 Chron. xxviii : 9. Golden text for July 2d.

1. What saith Je -ho - vah, the Ho - ly One, on high? Search-er of hearts and of spir - its am I.
2. What saith Je -ho - vah, the Ho - ly One a-bove? Them that love me, saith the Lord, will I love.
3. What saith Je -ho - vah, the sweetly solemn sound? Seek ye the Lord, while he yet may be found.

Lord, we would serve Thee with willing heart and mind, Teach us, oh teach us the way thy grace to find.
Hear him his own pre-cious word of promise speak—Ear - ly shall they find me, ear - ly they that seek.
Call ye up-on him, while you he draweth near; O - pen our hearts Lord thy lov-ing call to hear.

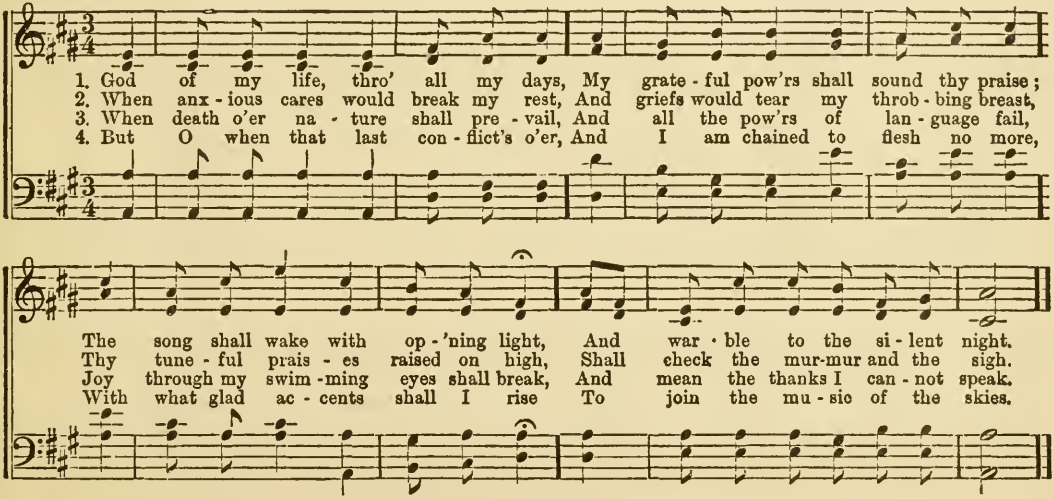
CHORUS.

If thou wilt seek him he will be found of thee, If thou forsake him, Oh, where wilt thou be!



BARGELT. L. M.

DODDRIDGE. R. M. McINTOSH, by per.



COME TO THE FOUNTAIN.

REV. J. H. MARTIN. DR. A. BROOKS EVERETT.

"There is a fountain opened up in the house of David," &c.

1. O sin - ner, with guilt and with sorrow oppressed, With fears and with doubts and with ter-rors distressed, Fly,
2. A foun-tain for sin has been opened for thee, It flows a deep cur-rent, a-bun - dant and free; O
3. Exposed to the jus - tice and an - ger of God, Es-cape for thy life from the stroke of his rod; For
4. He's willing and wait-ing thy soul to re - ceive, Go, fall at his feet, on the Sav - iour be - lieve; A

CHORUS.

fly to the Sav-iour, and wash in his blood, Be purged from thy stains in the soul-cleansing flood. Come to the
come to this fountain and wash in this flood, 'Twas opened by Christ when he poured out his blood.
ref-uge and safe - ty, O has - ten and flee, And come un - to Je - sus, who suffered for thee.
stream of sal - va - tion is flow - ing for thee, O wash in this foun-tain, now o - pen and free.

Foun - tain, Come to the Foun - tain, Come to the Foun - tain, And wash a - way your sins.

Answer to "Come to the Fountain."

REV. JOS. H. MARTIN. DR. A. B. EVERETT.

1. We have heard there is a fountain full and free, That our Lord has opened with his blood, From his side it flow'd when hanging on the tree, 'Tis a cleansing, soul-redeeming flood.
2. Je - sus calls us to this crimson, heal - ing flood, There to wash a - way the stains of sin, Help us come to Thee, Thou dying Lamb of God, Cleanse our hearts, and make us pure within.
3. Mighty Saviour, free from blemish, guilt, and spot, Thou this heal - ing, cleansing fountain art, Purge and wash our souls from ev-'ry filth - y blot, Pardon, ho - li - ness to us im-part.
4. Sav'd and ransomed by thy rich, a - ton - ing blood, We will sing with all the host a - bove, Glo - ry, Praise to Thee, thou precious Lamb of God, For thy boundless, free, amazing love.

CHORUS.

We are go - ing to the Fountain, We are go - ing to the Fountain, We are go - ing to the Fountain, to wash away our sins.

We are going We are going

SHALL WE GLADLY MEET?

Rev. Jos. H. Martin. R. M. McIntosh.

1. Shall we glad - ly meet, shall we glad - ly meet, On the bright and the hap - py shore?
Shall we see and greet, shall we see and greet, Lov - ing friends that have gone be - fore?
2. Shall we joy - ful stand, shall we joy - ful stand, And the throne of the Lamb sur-round?
With a harp in hand, with a harp in hand, And with light and with glo - ry crowned?
3. Shall we sweet - ly sing, shall we sweet - ly sing, With the ho - ly and ransomed throng?
Shall we praise the King, shall we praise the King, With a ju - bi - lant, end - less song?
4. Shall we rest in heaven, shall we rest in heaven, When the toil and the task are done?
Will a crown be giv'n, will a crown be giv'n, When the race we have ful - ly run?

Yes, we all shall meet, Yes, we all shall meet, If the

Refrain.

Yes, we all shall meet, shall meet, Yes, we all shall meet, shall meet, If the

Lord we love, who is throned a - bove, There we all, there we all shall meet.

FREE WATERS.

Words by Mrs. Mary B. C. Slade. Dr. A. B. Everett.

1. There's a fountain free, 'tis for you and me, Let us haste, oh, haste to its brink; 'Tis the fount of love from the
2. There's a liv - ing stream, with a crystal gleam, From the throne of life now it flows; While the waters roll let the
3. There's a liv - ing well, and its wa - ters swell, And e - ter - nal life they can give; And we joy-ful sing, ev - er
4. There's a rock that's cleft and no soul is left, That may not its pure waters share; 'Tis for you and me, and its

Chorus.

source a - bove, And he bids us all free - ly drink. Will you come to the foun-tain free? Will you
wea - ry soul Hear the call that forth free - ly goes.
spring, oh spring, As we haste to drink and to live.
stream I see, Let us has - ten joy - ful - ly there. Will you come,

come? 'tis for you and me; Thirsty soul, hear the wel-come call; 'Tis a fountain o-pen'd for all.
Will you come, Thirsty soul,

SWEET SABBATH OF REST.

REV. J. H. MARTIN. DR. A. B. EVERETT.

1. We would praise thee and bless thee, our Fa - ther, For the Sab - bath of rest Thou hast given;
2. When the work with its la - bors has end - ed, How we greet the sweet Sab-bath of rest;
3. From the world and its bur - dens our Fa - ther, On the Sab - bath of rest we are free;

Fine.

'Tis the em - blem of rap - ture im - mor - tal, 'Tis the fore - taste of pleas - ure in heaven.
And we hail with de-light and with glad - ness The re - turn of this sea - son so blest.
Then we soar on the wings of de - vo - tion, And en - joy sweet com-mun - ion with thee.

D.S. We would laud thee and thank thee, our Fa - ther, For the gift of this Sab - bath of rest.

REFRAIN.

Sweet Sab - bath of rest, Sweet Sab - bath of rest, Sweet, sweet rest;

THOUGH IN DARKNESS.

Rev. Jos. H. Martin. R. M. McIntosh.

Duet

1. Do not faint when trib - u - la - tion Darkens, like a cloud thy sky, When the storms of des - o-
2. Should thy way be rough and dreary, With a gloom - y shade o'er-cast, Should thy feet be sore and
3. On-ward press a - mid thy sadness, Till thy toils and cares are o'er, All thy grief shall turn to

Chorus.

- la - tion On thee beat and o'er thee fly. Though in dark-ness, God will nev - er Cease to
wea - ry, Thou shalt reach thy home at last.
glad-ness, On the fair ce - les-tial shore.

love, or thee for - sake: In thy sor - row He will ev - er Be thy stay for Je - sus' sake.

HEAR HIM CALLING.

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. Dr. A. Brooks Everett.

1. Are you stay-ing, safe - ly stay - ing, In the ten-der shepherd's peaceful folds? No, I'm straying, sad-ly
2. Are you hear-ing glad - ly hear - ing, How he bids his fold - ed flock re-joice? No, I'm fear-ing, sad-ly
3. Are you roam-ing, long - er roam-ing, In the cold, dark night of doubt and sin? No, I'm com-ing, quickly

Refrain.

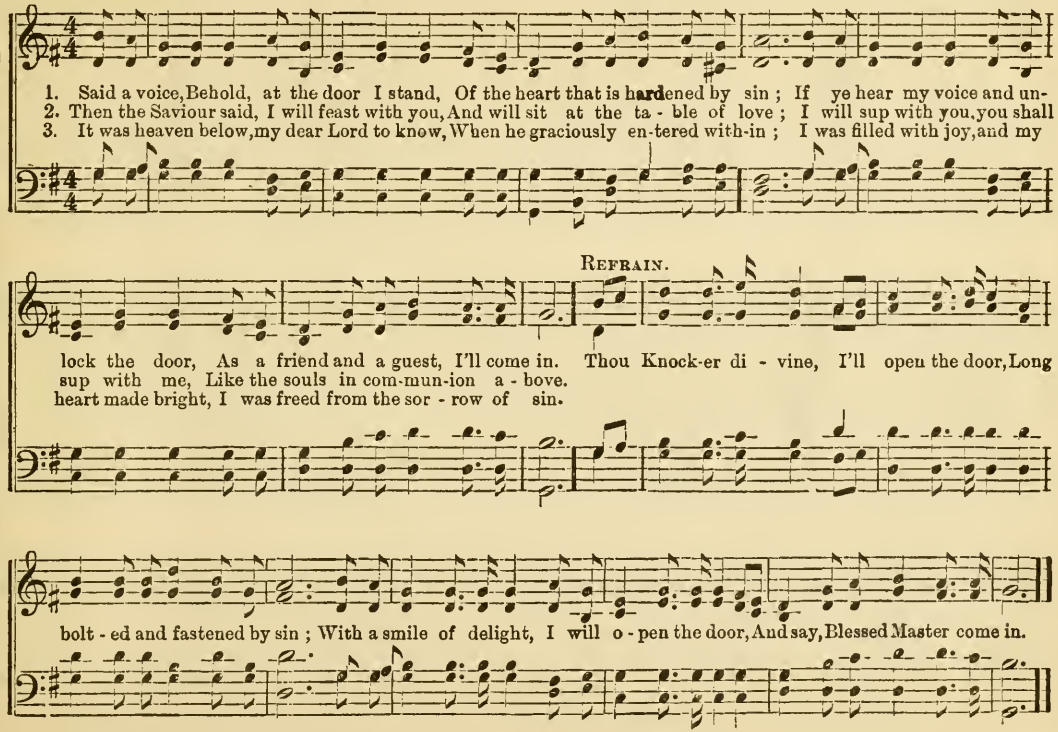
stray - ing. On the lone - ly mountains, dark and cold. On your ear his loving tones are fall - ing, For he
fear - ing, I have fol-lowed far the stranger's voice.
com - ing! O - pen Door! make haste to let me in!

seeks you, wheresoe'er you roam, Hear him calling, sweetly calling, As he bids his wand'ring sheep come home.

BLESSED MASTER COME IN.

REV. J. H. MARTIN. R. M. McINTOSH.

"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock."—Rev. iii : 20.



HAPPY HOME.

Rev. Jos. H. Martin. R. M. McIntosh.

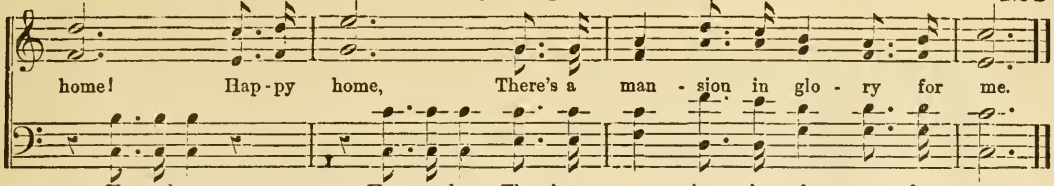
1. O when shall I soar to the skies, And reach the fair land that I love, I
2. My pains and my groans and my tears, My troub - les and sor - rows all o'er, Re -
3. With hon - or my head shall be crowned, A sin - ner redeemed by his grace, The
4. No sor - row shall en - ter my breast, A ful - ness of joy shall be mine; I'll

long to that glo - ry to rise, To dwell in a man - sion a - bove.
- leased from my bond - age and fears, With joy I shall stand on that shore.
praise of the Lamb I'll re - sound, And gaze with de - light on his face.
share with the saints in their rest, In gar - ments of splen - dor I'll shine.

Refrain.

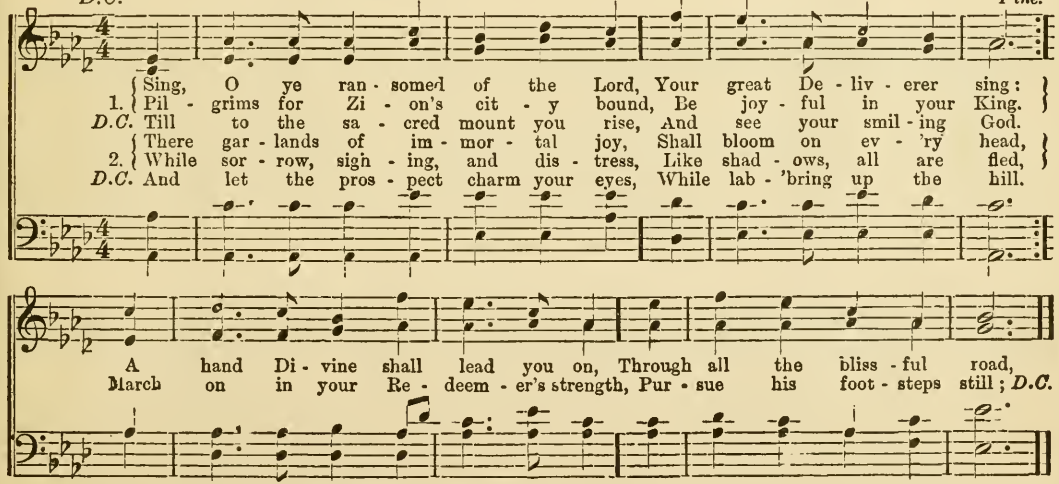
Hap - py home! hap - py home! There's a man - sion in glo - ry for me: Hap - py

Happy home! Happy home! There's a mansion in glo - ry for me: Happy home!



HECTOR. C. M. Double.

DODDRIDGE. JOHN A. McINTOSH, by per.



WE SHALL MEET BY AND BY.

REV. J. H. MARTIN. DR. A. BROOKS EVERETT.

1. On the shining shore, with happy greet - ing, We shall meet by and by, We shall
2. We shall meet beyond the flowing riv - er, We shall meet by and by, We shall
3. We shall see the Saviour's radiant glo - ry, We shall meet by and by, We shall

By and by, By and by,

then em - brace in joy-ful meet - ing, By and by, by and by; In that glo - rious land of bliss a -
drink the crystal flood for - ev - er, By and by, by and by; We shall eat the fruit of life's fair
chant with joy his wond'rous sto - ry, By and by, by and by; We shall wear a crown by Je - sus

bove, Where the soul is filled with peace and love, In the hap - py clime we all are seek - ing, We shall meet by and by.
tree, We shall there from sin and tears be free, To that E - den bright we all are go - ing, We shall meet by and by.
given, We shall strike a gold - en harp in heaven, To that hap - py land we all are go - ing, We shall meet by and by.

SUMMER LAND.

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE. DR. A. BROOKS EVERETT.

1. Be - yond this land of parting, los-ing and leaving, Far be - yond the loss - es, dark - en - ing this, And
2. Be - yond this land of toiling, sow - ing and reaping, Far be - yond the shad - ows, dark - en - ing this, And
3. Be - yond this land of sinning, fainting and falling, Far be - yond the doubtings, dark - en - ing this, And
4. Be - yond this land of waiting, seek-ing and sighing, Far be - yond the sor - rows, dark - en - ing this, And

REFRAIN.

far beyond the tak-ing and the be - reaving Lies the summer land of bliss. Land be - yond, so fair and
far beyond the sighing, moaning and weep-ing, Lies the summer land of bliss. Land be - yond, &c.
far beyond the griefs and dangers befall-ing, Lies the summer land of bliss. Land be - yond, &c.
far beyond the pain and sickness, and dy - ing, Lies the summer land of bliss. Land be - yond, &c.

Land be - yond, so fair and

bright! Land be - yond, where is no night! Summer Land, God is its light, Oh, happy Summer Land of bliss!

bright! Land beyond, where is no night! Summer Land, God is its light, Oh, happy Summer Land of bliss!

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

R. M. McINTOSH. By per.

1. In some way or oth - er the Lord will provide; It may not be my way, It may not be thy way; And
2. At some time or oth - er the Lord will provide; It may not be my time, It may not be thy time; And
3. Despond, then, no long - er; the Lord will provide; And this be the to - ken, No word he hath spoken Hath
4. March on, then, right boldly; the sea shall divide; With Canaan before us, With heaven's mercy o'er us; We'll

REFRAIN.

yet in his own way "The Lord will provide." The Lord will provide, The Lord will provide; It
yet in his own time "The Lord will provide."
ev - er been bro - ken, "The Lord will provide."
join in the cho - rus, "The Lord will provide."

may not be my way, It may not be thy way; And yet in his own way, "The Lord will provide."

LOVED ONE, FAREWELL.

(In memoriam—Tuesday morning, Nov. 23, 1875.)

MRS M. B. C. SLADE. DR. A. BROOKS EVERETT.

1 Birds are re - joic - ing, O'er hill and dell; Hushed is thy voic - ing,
2. Thou hast as - cend - ed, Where an - gels dwell, Where, earth-songs end - ed,
3. Sal - va - tion's sto - ry Then thou wilt tell; Tri - umphs of glo - ry,

Sweet - er that fell. Friend of our hap - py days, Broth - er in prayer and praise,
Heaven's an-thems swell. Safe, all the saints a - mong, Blest with the prais-ing throng,
Thy voice shall swell. Rest thou, oh, friend so dear, Thy pre -cious Sav-iour near,

Thine own sweet mu - sic says,—Loved one, farewell!
Sing - ing the new-made songs;—Loved one, farewell!
Where God shall wipe each tear;—Loved one, farewell!

4.

Sad from thee turning,
Grief's tones will knell;
Hard, hard, the learning,
God doeth well!
Till, be it soon or late,
Up, at the Pearly gate
We meet, oh watch and wait,
Loved one, farewell!

* This is one of several beautiful "songs without words" that my true and well tried friend, Dr. A. Brooks Everett, contributed for these pages only a short time before his death; and to me, it is as sweet as anything Schumann ever wrote. The words are Mrs. Slade's, and I thank her for them: The dedication is mine.—R. M. McINTOSH.

SHOWERS OF BLESSINGS.

R. M. McINTOSH, by per.

1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of blessings Thou art scatt'ring full and free; Show'rs the thirst-y land re-
2. Pass me not, O God my Fa-ther, Sin-ful tho' my heart may be; Thou might'st leave me, but the
3. Pass me not, O gra-cious Sav-iour, Let me live and cling to thee; Fain I'm long-ing for thy
4. Pass me not, O might-y Spir-it; Thou canst make the blind to see; Wit-ness-es of Je-sus'
5. Love of God, so pure and changeless; Blood of Christ, so rich and free; Grace of God so full and
6. Pass me not, thy lost one bringing; Bind my heart, O Lord, to thee; Whilst the streams of life are

REFRIAN.

-freshing; Let some droppings fall on me. E-ven me, e-ven me,
rath-er Let thy mer-cy light on me.
favor: Whilst thou'rt call-ing, call for me.
mer-it: Speak the word of power to me.
boundless, Mag-ni-fy it all in me. E-ven me, E-ven me,
springing, Bless-ing oth-ers, Oh, bless me.

Let some droppings fall on me; E-ven me, e-ven me, Let some droppings fall on me.
E-ven me, e-ven me.

I HAVE A SWEET HOPE.

Rev. Jos. H. Martin. Dr. A. B. Everett.

1. I have a sweet hope that in heav-en a - bove The Sav-iour is wait - ing for me, That
2. In midst of the troubles and sor - rows I bear, By faith I re - pose on his breast, I
3. He's gone to pre - pare for his peo - ple a place, A mansion of glo - ry on high, And
4. I know when this bod - y of flesh shall de - cay, My strength and my por-tion He'll be, In

ransomed and sav'd by his mer - cy and love, My friend and my portion He'll be.
know He will make my af - flictions His care, And bring me at last to His rest.
when I shall fin-ish my jour-ney and race, He'll give me a home in the sky.
death He will be my sweet comfort and stay, The Saviour is wait-ing for me.

Chorus.

Je - sus, dear Je - sus will welcome me, Welcome me, welcome me, Je-sus, dear Je-sus will welcome me Home to the beauti - ful land

WATCH.

Miss Mariana B. Slade. R. M. McIntosh.

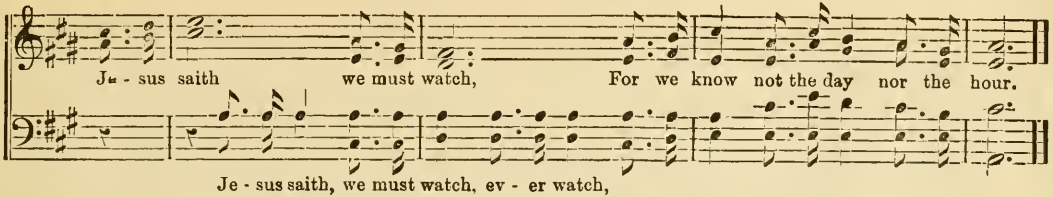
1. When the cry shall be made at the mid - night "Go ye out, for the Bridegroom is near!"
2. Till he comes now he bids us be read - y, Can you say to the Bridegroom, I am?
3. Oh how sad if our oil is all wast - ed, Though we hast - en our lamps to re - new,
4. Oh when ris - es the glo - ri - ous sum - mons, "Meet the Bride-groom and join in the song!"

Will you rise with your lamps trimm'd and burn - ing? Will you joy - ful - ly bid him draw near?
Will you en - ter the Door that is o - pen, To the dear marriage feast of the Lamb?
If we find that the Bridegroom has en - tered, Left with - out, then Oh what shall we do!
May we all with our lamps brightly burn - ing En - ter in with the wor - ship-ping throng.

Refrain.

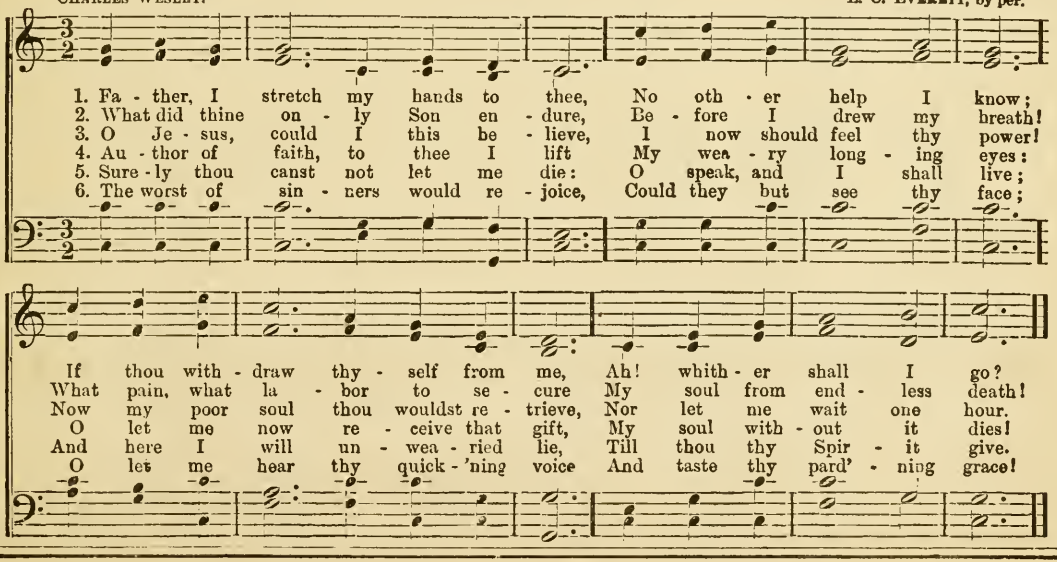
We will watch, we will watch! Till the Bridegroom shall come in his power;
We will watch, ev - er watch, we will watch! Till the Bridegroom shall come in his power,

WATCH. Concluded.



SPRING. C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. L. C. EVERETT, by per.



COME TO JESUS.

Rev. Jos. H. Martin. Dr. A. Brooks Everett.

Trio and Chorus.

1. Come to Je - sus, by faith and repose on his breast, For his heart is a bo - som of love, From your
2. Come to Je - sus who calls, and is wait-ing for you, And is wil - ling your soul to re - ceive; He will
3. Come to Je - sus at once, come to Je - sus just now, And his yoke and his cross meek - ly bear; Then a

guilt and your fears he will give you sweet rest, And a home in his king - dom a - bove.
par - don your sins, and your heart He'll re - new, If on Him you will on - ly be - lieve.
glo - ry and light shall en - cir - cle your brow, A bright crown you shall joy - ful - ly wear.

Chorus.

Let us fly, let us fly, To the arms of the cru - ci - fied
let us fly, let us fly,

COME TO JESUS. Concluded.

one, Let us fly, let us fly, let us fly To the bo - som of God's gra-cious Son.
let us fly, let us fly

HAPPY DAY. L. M.

f CHORUS.

1. { O hap - py day, that fixed my choice On thee, my Sav - iour and my God! } Hap - py
   { Well may this glow - ing heart re - joice, And tell its rap - tures all ab - road. }
2. { O hap - py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer - its all my love! }
   { Let cheer-ful an - thems fill his house, While to that sa - cred shrine I move. }

END. D.S.

day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way. { He taught me how to watch and pray, }
{ And live re - joic - ing eve - ry day. }

3 'Tis done: the great transaction's done!
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice Divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on his blissful centre, rest:
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When called on angel's bread to feast?

5 High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

THE GUIDING HAND.

F. C. S J VAIL, by per.

1. Thro' each perplex - ing care and strife, That marks the checkered path of life, My Saviour's guiding
2. Tho' tri - als great be - fore me rise, Tho' clouds of sor - row veil my skies, Unmoved the coming
3. He lead - eth me, O joy divine! The glo - ry His, the cross be mine, Since He who suffered
4. With Him, my soul's e - ter - nal guide, What can I wish or want be - side? In life or death my

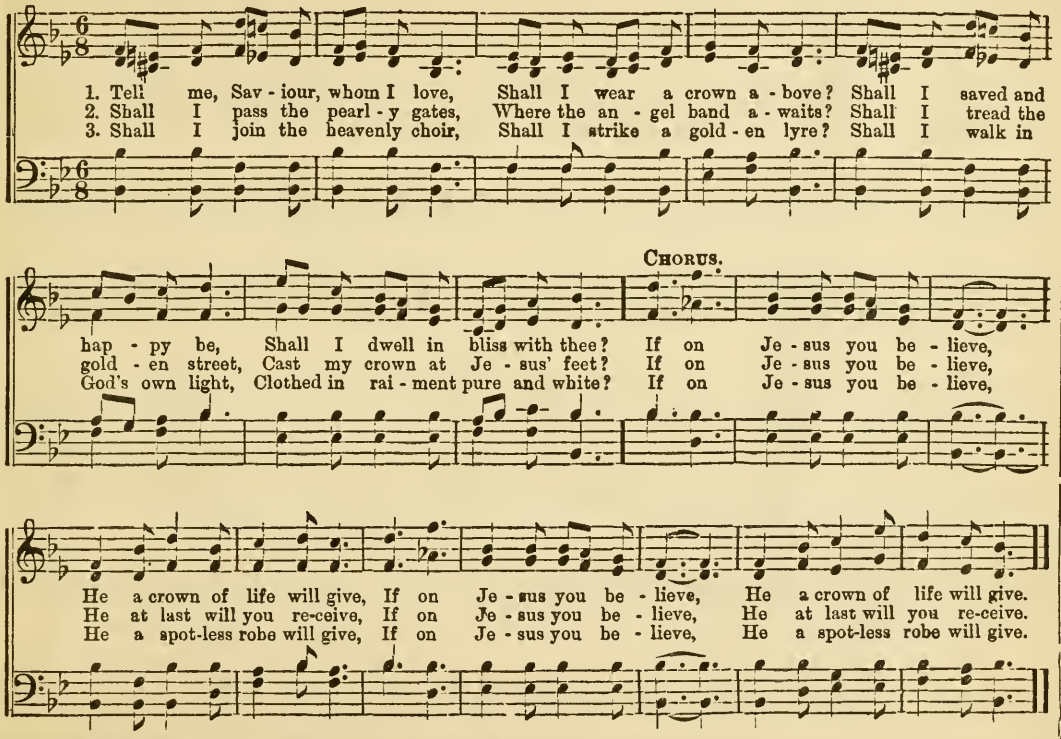
REFRAIN.

hand I see, And know that still He lead - eth me. He lead-eth me, He lead - eth me, Let
storm I see, For God my Sav - iour lead - eth me.
on the tree In ten - der mer - cy lead - eth me.
song shall be, My lov - ing Sav - iour lead - eth me.

this my theme of rap-ture be! He lead - eth me, He lead-eth me, My Saviour's guid-ing hand I see.

TELL ME, SAVIOUR.

Rev. Jos. H. Martin. Dr. A. Brooks Everett.



WITH GREETING AND WELCOME.

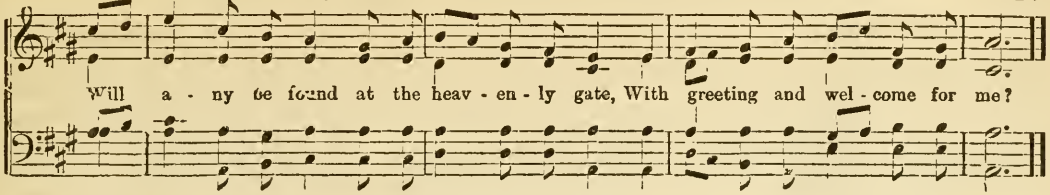
REV. J. H. MARTIN. GEO A. MINOR.

1. There are bright lit-tle ones both at home and in the street, Whose souls are most precious and dear; There are fair lit-tle ones in the Sabbath school I meet, For whom I am la-bor-ing here; If Je-sus should summon the children a-way, In the midst of their mirth and their glee; Will a-ny be found at the heav-en-ly gate, With greet-ing and wel-come for me.

2. There are soft lit-tle eyes sparkling bright with life and joy, All radiant with gladness and love, There are sweet lit-tle tongues that tuneful notes can employ, And praise the great Fa-ther a-bove; If Je-sus should summon the children a-way, His face and his glo-ry to see, Will a-ny be found at the heav-en-ly gate, With greet-ing and wel-come for me.

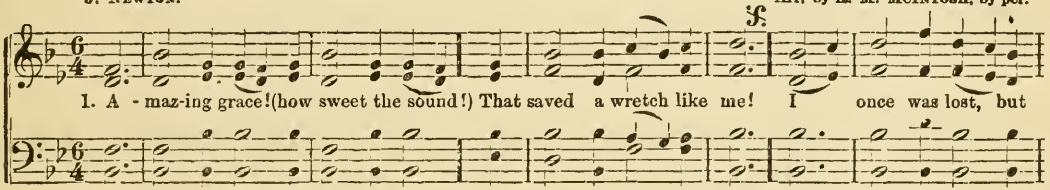
CHORUS.

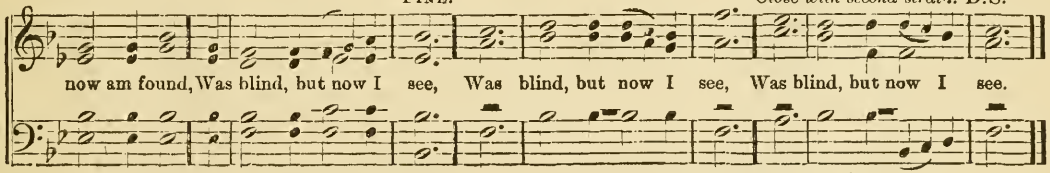
With greet-ing and wel-come, With greet-ing and wel-come for me.



HARP. C. M.

J. NEWTON. Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH, by per.





2 'T was grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!

3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 The Lord has promised good to me;
His word my hope secures:
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures.

5 Yea, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

ANNIVERSARY HYMN.

Rev. J. H. Martin. Dr. A. B. Everett.

1. Praise to the Sav-iour, praise to his name, With tuneful lips his hon-ors proclaim, With grateful hearts spread
2. Praise to the Sav-iour, now let us sing, Glad songs and hymns to Je - sus our King, And let our voi - ces
3. Praise to the Sav-iour, let us o - bey And serve and fol - low Him in the way, He's pres-ent here, He's

wide - ly his fame, Thank-ful - ly bless - ing Him.
joy - ful - ly ring, With ech - oes to his name.
with us to-day, Ho - san - nas let us raise.

Chorus.

Hap - py, hap - py are our hearts to - day,

For the Lord has brought us on our way, May He to us His grace still display, And bring us safe - ly home.

GOOD BYE TO THE OLD YEAR.

REV. M. J. SAVAGE. H. S. PERKINS. By per.

Cheerfully.

1. The sleigh-bells jin - gle in their glee, The joy - ous child-ren shout; And so with harmless
2. Our hearts are mer - ry as the bells, While, with our voi - ces clear, We sing the words that
3. Then jin - gle, jin- gle, clear and sweet, Each voice and bell in tune; The years run on with

CHO.—The sleigh-bells jin - gle in their glee, The joy - ous chil-dren shout; And so with harm-less

Fine. *A little slower.*

rev - el - ry, The good old year goes out; For God, who in the year gone by Hath
hope fore-tells, And wel-come the New Year; For God, who in the year gone by Did
hur- rying feet, Now Win - ter, and now June; But God doth give us all the year, And

rev - el - ry, The good old year goes out.

D. C. for Cho.

blessed us ev - 'ry day, And led us through its flowery path, And Win - ter's snow- y way.
bless us ev - 'ry day Will lead us in the steps we take A - long our for-ward way.
all the years we'll sing. They lead us to a country where The whole year long is Spring.

CLOSE TO THEE.

FANNIE CROSBY. S. J. VAIL, by per

1. Thou my ev - erlast - ing por - tion, More than friend or life to me, All a - long my pil - grim
2. Not for ease or worldly pleasure, Nor for fame my pray'r shall be; Glad-ly will I toil and
3. Lead me thro' the vale of shadows, Lead me o'er life's fit - ful sea; Then the gate of life e -

REFRAIN.

jour - ney, Saviour, let me walk with thee. Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to
suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with thee. Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to
ter - nal, May I en - ter, Lord with thee. Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to

Thee; All a - long my pil - grim jour - ney, Sav - iour, let me walk with Thee.
Thee; Glad - ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.
Thee; Then the gate of life e - ter - nal, May I en - ter, Lord, with Thee.

THIS I DID FOR THEE.

DR. A. B. EVERETT. *

1. I gave my life for thee, My precious blood I shed, That thou might'st ransomed be, And quickened from the dead— I gave my life for thee; What hast thou giv'n for me? I gave my life for thee; What hast thou given for me?
2. My Fa - ther's house of light, My rain - bow-cir - cled throne I left for earthly night, For wanderings sad and lone— I left it all for thee; Hast thou left aught for me? I left it all for thee; Hast thou left aught for me?
3. I suf - fered much for thee, More than my tongue can tell, Of bit-terest ag - o - ny, Thee to pre-serve from hell— I suf - fered much for thee: What do - est thou for me? I suffered much for thee; What do - est thou for me?

4 I have brought to thee,
Down from my home above,
Salvation full and free,
My spirit and my love;
Great gifts I brought to thee;
What hast thou brought to me?

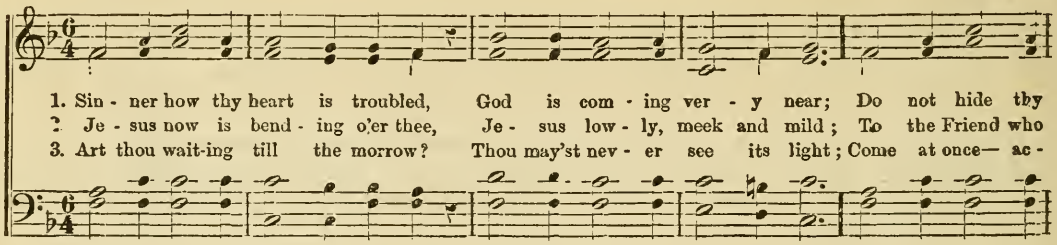
5 Oh, let thy life be given,
Thy years for me be spent,
World-fetters all be riven.
And joy with suffering blent—
Give thou thyself to me,
Gladly I'll welcome thee!

* By per. R. M. McIntosh.

F. C.

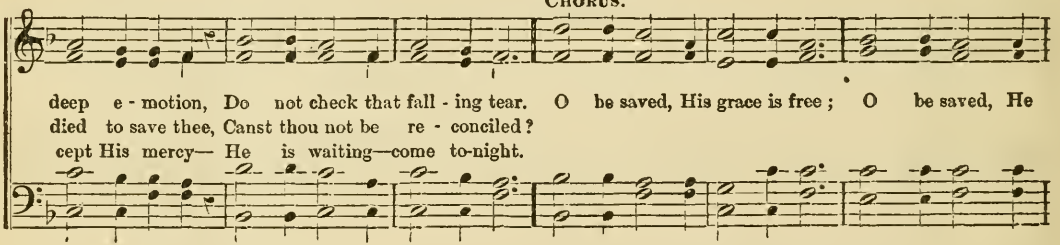
O BE SAVED.

S. J. VAIL, by per.

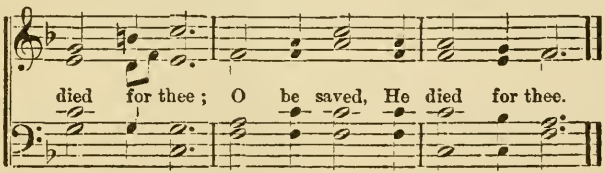


1. Sin - ner how thy heart is troubled, God is com - ing ver - y near; Do not hide thy
2. Je - sus now is bend - ing o'er thee, Je - sus low - ly, meek and mild; To the Friend who
3. Art thou wait-ing till the morrow? Thou may'st nev - er see its light; Come at once— ac -

CHORUS.



deep e - motion, Do not check that fall - ing tear. O be saved, His grace is free; O be saved, He
died to save thee, Canst thou not be re - conciled?
cept His mercy— He is waiting—come to-night.



died for thee; O be saved, He died for thee.

4 With a lowly, contrite spirit,
Kneeling at the Saviour's feet;
Thou canst feel this very moment,
Pardon—precious, pure and sweet. *Cho.*

5 Let the angels bear the tidings,
Upward to the courts of heaven;
Let them sing, with holy rapture,
O'er another soul forgiven. *Cho.*

JESUS, ONLY JESUS!

Words from "Voice of Praise."

C. C. CONVERSE. By per.

CHORUS.

1. Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus,— He is all we need; } Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus!
He who doth for - ev - er For us in - ter - cede. }
2. Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus! Came from heav'n a - bove; } Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus!
Bore our sins and sor-rows— Ah, a - maz - ing love! }
3. Je - sus, gra - cious Je - sus! He for us has died; } Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus!
What a gra - cious Sav-iour Is the cru - ci - fied! }

At thy feet we fall; Pre - cious Sav - iour, Je - sus! Thou art all in all....

4 Jesus, holy Jesus,
Bids us God to serve:
From that holy service
May we never swerve.—CHO.

5 Jesus, faithful Jesus,
Ne'er will he forsake;
From his daily presence
May we courage take.—CHO.

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THE KINGDOM COMING. (Missionary.)

Words by MRS. M. B. C. SLADE.

Read Isa. xl; 9. Rev. xl; 15. Ps. xx; 5.

EMILIUS LAROCHE.*

1. From all the dark pla - ces Of earth's heathen ra - ces Oh, see how the thick shadows fly! The voice of sal - va - tion A - wakes ev - ery na - tion, Come o - ver and help us, they cry.
2. The sun - light is glanc - ing O'er ar - mies ad - van - cing To con - quer the kingdoms of sin; Our Lord shall pos - sess them, His pres - ence shall bless them, His beau - ty shall en - ter them in.
3. With shout - ing and sing - ing, And ju - bi - lant ring - ing, Their arms of re - bel - lion cast down, At last ev - ery na - tion, The Lord of sal - va - tion Their King and re - deem - er shall crown!

CHORUS.

The king - dom is com - ing, Oh, tell ye the sto - ry, God's ban - ner ex - alt-ed shall be! The

*By per. R. M. McIntosh.

earth shall be full of his knowledge and glo - ry, As wa - ters that cov - er the sea!

HEAD. C. M.

M. J. McGLASSON, by per.

1. Let ev - ery tongue thy good - ness speak, Thou sovereign Lord of all:
2. When sor - rows bow the spir - it down, When vir - tue lies dis - tressed,
3. Thou know'st the pains thy ser - vants feel, Thou hear'st thy children's cry;
4. Thy mer - cy nev - er shall re - move From men of heart sin - cere:
5. My lips shall dwell up - on thy praise, And spread thy fame a - broad:

Thy strength'ning hands up - hold the weak, And raise the poor that fall.
Be - neath the proud op - press - or's frown, Thou giv'st the mourn - er rest.
And their best wish - es to ful - fil, Thy grace is ev - er nigh.
Thou sav'st the souls whose hum - ble love Is joined with ho - ly fear.
Let all the sons of Ad - am raise The hon - ors of their God.

FOLLOW THOU ME.

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. Dr. A. B. Everett.

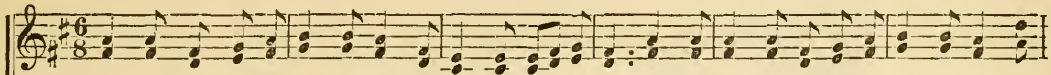
1. If I like Gal-i-lee fish-ers, Were mending my nets by the main, And Je-sus, coming, should call me, He nev-er should call in vain.
2. If I were dwelling in pleasure, Or sit-ting in plac-es of gain, And Je-sus, passing should call me, He nev-er should call in vain.
3. If I were sinking in sad-ness, Or dreading the cross and the pain, And Je-sus ten-der-ly call'd me, He nev-er should call in vain.
4. And when I'm crossing the riv-er, And hear-ing the heav-en-ly strain, If Je-sus, welcom-ing calls me, He nev-er shall call in vain.

Chorus.

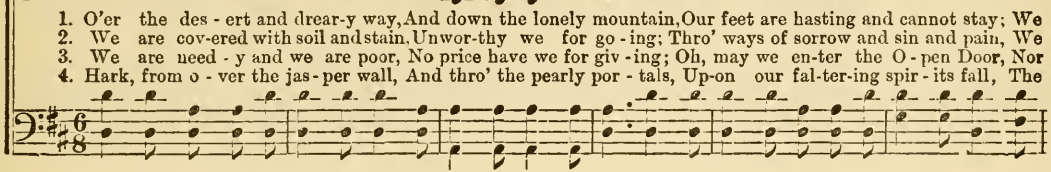
Then fol-low the summons of Je-sus, Where-ev-er, how-ev-er it falls; Then high up the pathway he sees us, And, *Fol-low thou me!* he calls.

"WHOSOEVER."

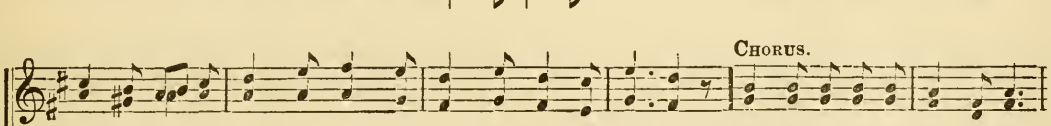
MRS. M. B. C. SLADE. DR. A. BROOKS EVERETT.



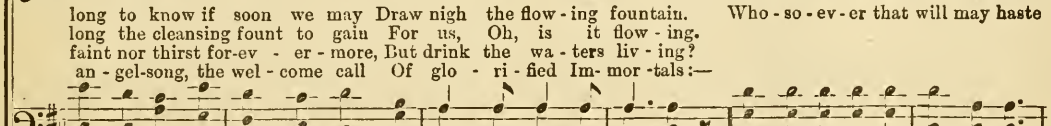
1. O'er the des - ert and drear-y way, And down the lonely mountain, Our feet are hasting and cannot stay; We
2. We are cov-ered with soil and stain, Unwor-thy we for go - ing; Thro' ways of sorrow and sin and pain, We
3. We are need - y and we are poor, No price have we for giv - ing; Oh, may we en-ter the O - pen Door, Nor
4. Hark, from o - ver the jas - per wall, And thro' the pearly por - tals, Up-on our fal-ter-ing spir - its fall, The



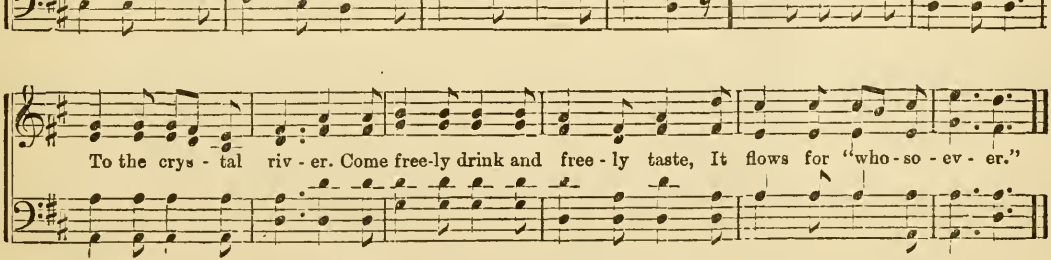
CHORUS.



long to know if soon we may Draw nigh the flow - ing fountain. Who - so - ev - er that will may haste
long the cleansing fount to gain For us, Oh, is it flow - ing.
faint nor thirst for-ev - er - more, But drink the wa - ters liv - ing?
an - gel-song, the wel - come call Of glo - ri - fied Im- mor - tals:—



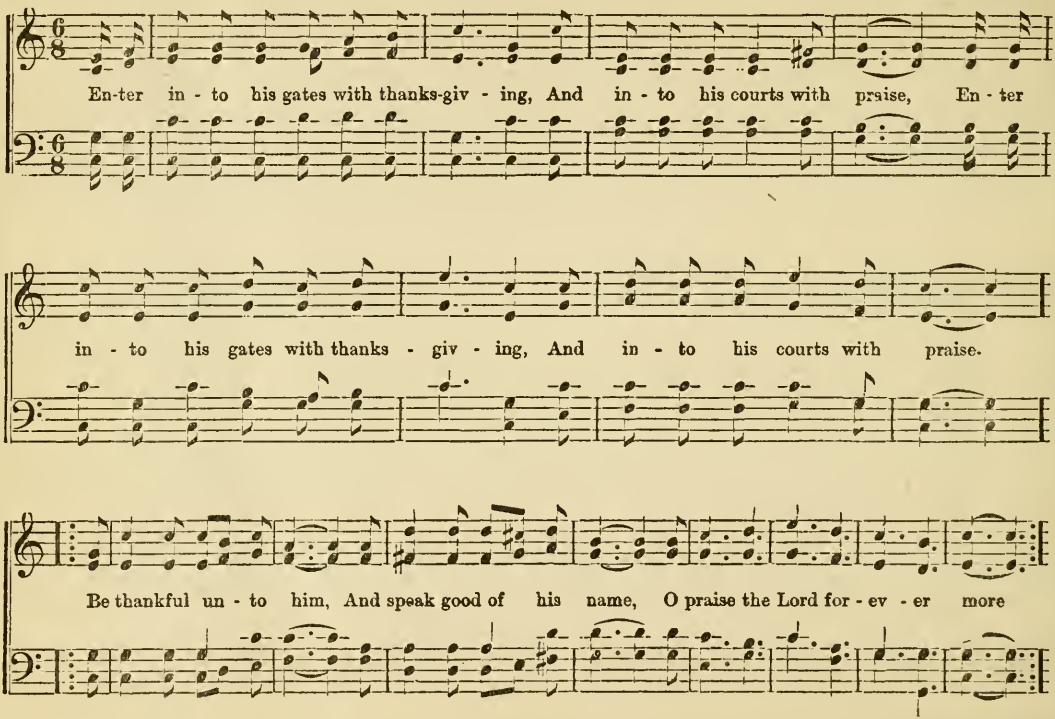
To the crys - tal riv - er. Come free-ly drink and free - ly taste, It flows for "who - so - ev - er."

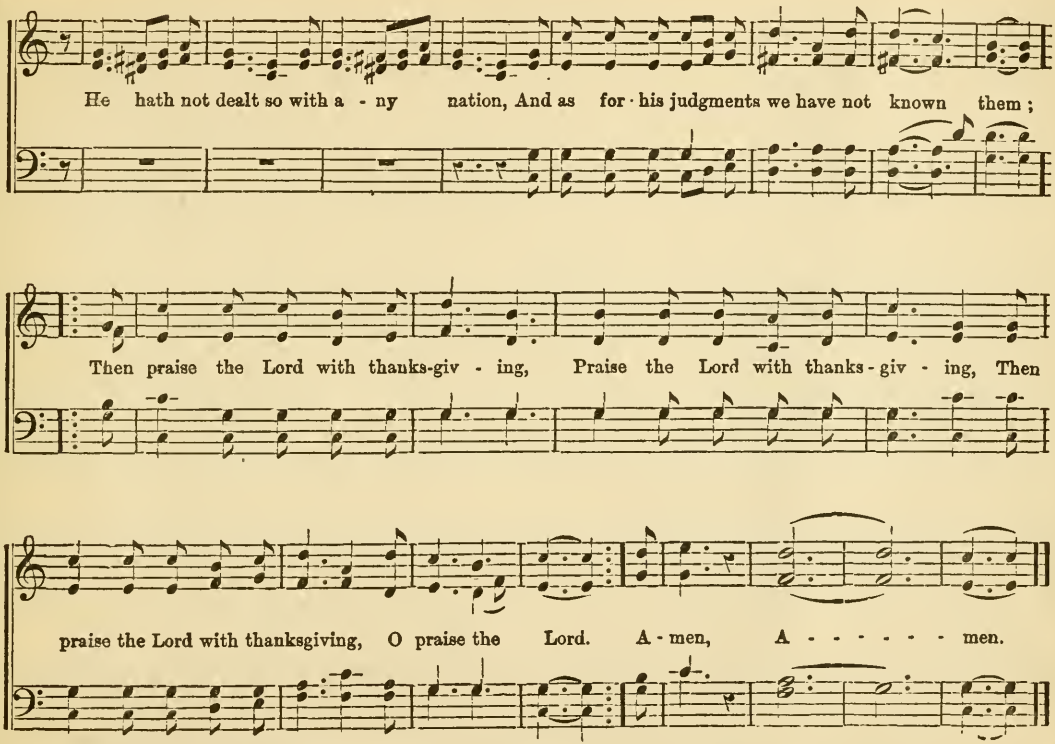


ENTER INTO HIS GATES.

(FOR THE CHOIR.)

R. M. McINTOSH.




He hath not dealt so with a - ny nation, And as for his judgments we have not known them;
Then praise the Lord with thanks-giv - ing, Praise the Lord with thanks - giv - ing, Then
praise the Lord with thanksgiving, O praise the Lord. A - men, A - - - - - - men.

THE LORD WILL COMFORT ZION. Motette.

(FOR THE CHOIR.)

R. M. McINTOSH.

The Lord will com-fort Zi - on, The Lord will comfort Zi - on, He will comfort all her waste

pla - ces: And he will make her wil - derness like E - den, And her des - ert like the

gar - den of the Lord. Joy and glad - ness shall be found there - in,

joy and glad - ness shall be found there- in,

joy and glad-ness, joy and glad - ness shall be found there - in, Thanks

joy and glad-ness, joy and glad - ness,

giv - ing and the voice of mel - o - dy, Joy and gladness, Thanksgiving and the

Joy and glad - ness,

Rit.

voice of mel - o - dy, The Lord will comfort Zi - on, will com - fort Zi - on.

FATHER OF MERCIES.

(FOR THE CHOIR.)

M. R. McINTOSH.

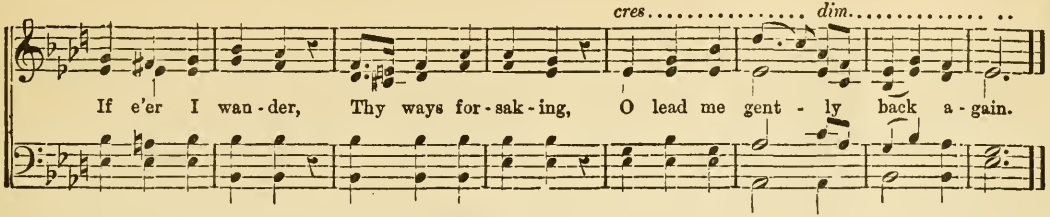
Divoto.

Fa - ther of Mercies! When the day is dawning, Then will I pay my vows to thee:

Cres. *Dim.*

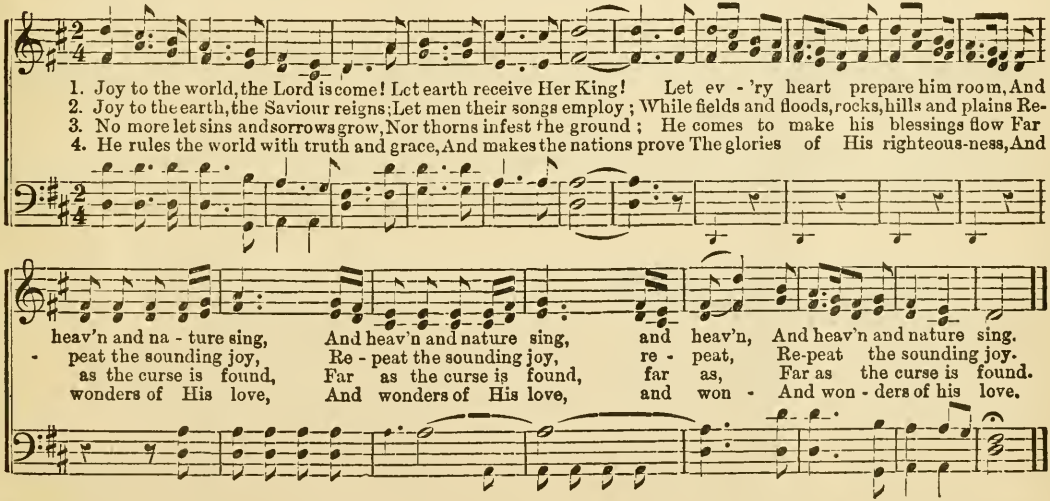
Like in - cense wafted on the breath of morning, My heart-felt praise to heav'n shall be.

Yes, thou art near me; Sleeping or wak - ing, Still doth thy care un - chang'd re - main;



ANTIOCH. C. M.

Words by WATTS. Arr. from HANDEL by DR. L. MASON.



HOW KIND HE IS. Motett.

(FOR THE CHOIR.)

DR. A. BROOKS EVERETT.

1. Kind, O how kind, how kind he is! Dost thou not know it yet?
2. True, O so true, so true his heart! Art thou of this aware?

Kind, O how kind, how kind he is!
True, O so true, so true his heart!

Dost thou not know it yet? Lean in thy hours of pain On his true
Art thou of this aware? Hear with how dear a love Comfort his

Lean in thy hours of pain On
Hear with how dear a love Com -

p *Dim*..... *pp*

breast, lean on his breast.
lips, com - fort his lips.

his true breast, lean on his breast.
- fort his lips, comfort his lips.

3. Soft, O how soft, how soft his yoke!
That hast thou still to love?
That hast thou still to love?
Yield thee in patience sweet
To it at last, to it at last.

4. Kind, O how kind, how kind he is,
Blest hast thou never been?
Blest hast thou never been?
Bless-ed through Jesus Christ,
Bless-ed through Christ here mayest thou be.

McANALLY. C. M. Double.

Arr. by R. M. M.

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol - l'wer of the Lamb, And shall I fear to
2. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood? Is this vile world a
3. Thy saints, in all this glo - rious war, Shall con - quer, tho' they die; They see the tri - umph

own his cause, Or blush to speak his name? Must I be car - ried to the skies
friend to grace, To help me on to God? Sure I must fight if I would reign;
from a - far, By faith they bring it nigh. When that illus - trious day shall rise,

On flow - ery beds of ease, While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas?
Increase my courage, Lord: I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by thy word.
And all thy armies shine, In robes of vict - 'ry, through the skies, The glo - ry shall be thine.

FOOTSTEPS OF JESUS.

Words by Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. Music by Dr. A. B. Everett. *

1. Sweet - ly, Lord, have we heard Thee call - ing, Come, fol - low me! And we see where Thy foot - prints fall - ing, Lead us to Thee.
2. Tho' they lead o'er the cold dark mountains, Seek - ing His sheep; Or a - long by Si- lo - am's fountains, Help - ing the weak.
3. If they lead thro' the tem - ple ho - ly, Preach - ing the word; Or in homes of the poor and low - ly, Serv - ing the Lord.

Chorus.

Foot - prints of Je - sus, that make the path-way glow; We will fol - low the steps of Je - sus wher - e'er they go.

4. Though, dear Lord, in Thy pathway keeping,
We follow Thee;
Through the gloom of that place of weeping,
Gethsemane!—*Cho.*

5. If Thy way and its sorrows bearing,
We go again,
Up the slope of the hill-side, bearing
Our cross of pain.—*Cho.*

6. By and by, through the shining portals,
Turning our feet,
We shall walk with the glad immortals,
Heaven's golden streets.—*Cho.*

7. Then at last when on high he sees us,
Our journey done,
We will rest where the steps of Jesus
End at His throne.—*Cho.*

* By per. R. M. McIntosh.

CORONATION. C. M.

KEY G.

1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall:
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,—
A remnant weak and small,—
Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall:
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 O that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

HERMON. C. M.

KEY B♭.

1 How happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven!
This earth, he cries, is not my place
I seek my place in heaven;
A country far from mortal sight;—
Yet, O! by faith I see
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heaven prepared for me.

2 A stranger in the world below,
I calmly sojourn here;
Nor can its happiness or woe
Provoke my hope or fear;
Its evils in a moment end,
Its joys as soon are past!
But O! the bliss to which I tend
Eternally shall last.

3 To that Jerusalem above
With singing I repair;
While in the flesh, my hope and love,
My heart and soul, are there.
There my exalted Saviour stands,
My merciful High Priest,
And still extends his wounded hands,
To take me to his breast.

TOPLADY. 7s.

KEY C.

1 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee:
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears for ever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

COOKHAM. 7s.

KEY G.

1 Children of the heavenly King,
As we journey, let us sing;
Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 We are trav'ling home to God,
In the way our fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O ye banished seed, be glad!
Christ our Advocate is made:
Us to save, our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes.

4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of our land;
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismayed go on.

5 Lord! obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below:
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

ARLINGTON. C M.

KEY G.

1 This is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumph spread,
And all his wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son:
Help us, O Lord, descend, and bring
Salvation from thy throne!

BALERMA. C. M.

KEY B♭.

1 See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand
With all-engaging charms:
Hark how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms!

2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came."

3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

AMERICA.

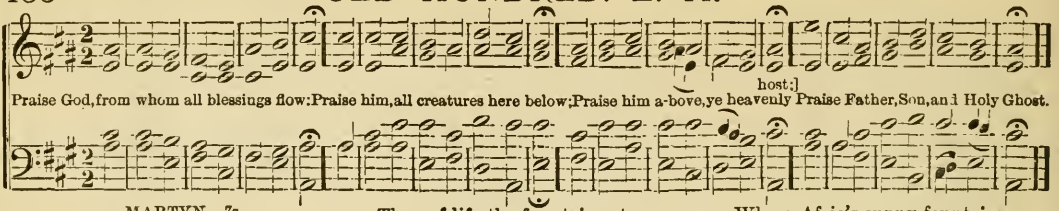
KEY G.

1 My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From ev'ry mountain side
Let freedom ring.

2 My native country! thee,
Land of the noble, free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.



MARTYN. 7s.
KEY F.

1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring,
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name;
I am all unrighteousness:
False and full of sin, I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity!

DUKE STREET. L. M.
KEY E♭

1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run:
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more,

2 From north to south the princes meet
To pay their homage at his feet;
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend his word.

3 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head:
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

4 People and realms, of every tongue,
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our king:
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long Amen!

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s.
KEY F.

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand:
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

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